

American

MERCURY

REDS

and our

CHURCHES

The Education of a Jew

Ships and Greeks—
and Senator Joe McCarthy

FDR—Tragedy at Yalta

PLUS 26 OTHER OUTSTANDING ARTICLES

JULY • 1953

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By J. B. Matthews

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REDS *and* OUR CHURCHES

By J. B. Matthews

THE largest single group supporting the Communist apparatus in the United States today is composed of Protestant clergymen.

Since the beginning of the First Cold War in April, 1948, the Communist Party of this country has placed more and more reliance upon the ranks of the Protestant clergy to provide the party's subversive apparatus with its agents, stooges, dupes, front men, and fellow-travelers.

Clergymen outnumber professors two to one in supporting the Communist-front apparatus of the Kremlin conspiracy. In the May issue of the AMERICAN MERCURY, we pointed out that during the past seventeen years the Communist Party has enlisted the support of at least thirty-five hundred professors — many of them as dues-paying members, many others as fellow-travelers, some as out-and-out espionage agents, some as adherents of the party line in varying degrees, and some as the unwitting dupes of subversion. During the same seventeen-year period, the Communist Party has enlisted

the support of at least seven thousand Protestant clergymen in the same categories — party members, fellow-travelers, espionage agents, party-line adherents, and unwitting dupes.

We have striking and concurring testimony from two utterly different witnesses: namely, Earl Browder and J. Edgar Hoover.

While he was still the head of the Communist Party of the United States, Earl Browder made a speech to the students of Union Theological Seminary in New York City, in which he said: "You may be interested in knowing that we have preachers, preachers active in churches, who are members of the Communist Party." Although Browder is hardly to be believed under oath, there is overwhelming evidence that he spoke the truth to the seminary students on this particular point.

Browder went on to explain to the budding clergymen of the seminary that the Communist Party allowed a certain ideological latitude to the Protestant ministers who joined the

Kremlin's conspiracy. "There are churches in the United States," he said, "where the preachers preach Communism from the pulpits, in a very primitive form, of course. In one particular church service described to me, the substance of the sermon . . . was that the Communists were the angels of God that had been sent like Moses to lead the people from the wilderness, while the representatives of the devil were the capitalists and their agents. This, of course, is not an expression of the official Communist attitude on these questions, as you will understand; but we do not expel such people from the Party. The test for us is whether such people represent the social aspirations of the masses, which may take on a religious form, but which are essentially social rebellion. When such is the case, we welcome them into our Party."

THERE is documentary evidence to confirm Browder's statement with respect to his Party's ideological leniency on the subject of religion and Communist clergymen.

The People's Institute of Applied Religion — a Communist school which is run, sponsored, and subsidized by Protestant clergymen — publishes a handbook which says: "True religion uses the class struggle as the most effective weapon of constructive social change in a class society. It recognizes from its study of our religious heritage that the class struggle, while it is not a permanent

weapon of the people, is the historic weapon."

The People's Institute defines salvation, in its handbook, as follows: "Salvation is the result of the collective effort of the workers and other victims of this [the capitalist] world system to save *themselves* from the oppressors."

On the subject of Protestantism, the People's Institute offers the following viewpoint: "Protestant church religion came into being to enhance the rise of capitalism. It proclaimed the divine right of property. It deified [spelled *defied* in the original] the kings of finance, the lords of commerce and the captains of industry. Today this church religion is directed by remote control from the Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers and the offices of cartel imperialists. With these it has economic investments in the capitalist exploits of the whole world."

Any casual student of Communism will recognize the party line in these quotations from the published handbook of the People's Institute of Applied Religion. More about this Communist training school for clergymen presently!

Our next witness is the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. In testimony before the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities, on March 26, 1947, J. Edgar Hoover — who speaks with the highest authority on the subject of Communism — said: "I confess to

a real apprehension so long as Communists are able to secure ministers of the Gospel to promote their evil work and espouse a cause that is alien to the religion of Christ and Judaismism."

EVEN if we did not have the authoritative testimony of Earl Browder and J. Edgar Hoover on the subject of the Communist infiltration of the clergy, we would have ample and overwhelming evidence of the inroads of Communism into the Protestant churches.

On April 1, 1951, the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities issued its "Report on the Communist 'Peace' Offensive — A Campaign to Disarm and Defeat the United States." That report led off with the conclusion that "the most dangerous hoax ever devised by the international Communist conspiracy is the current world-wide 'peace' offensive."

The dangerous hoax of the Communist "peace" offensive is still very much with us, as much so in 1953 as it was in 1951, when the Congressional committee said in its report: "Communists and their co-conspirators are spearheading this movement in cities and communities throughout the United States — at meetings, on street corners, in shops, homes, schools and colleges, in the press and on the radio — in fact, in every walk of life. Unless it is completely exposed, many may be deceived and ensnared."

One very remarkable feature of the Congressional committee's report on the phony Communist "peace" offensive was apparently overlooked by many, including some of the committee's members. *In this single volume of the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities, four hundred seventy-one Protestant clergymen are named as participants in this phony Communist "peace" maneuver.* In giving the names of only four hundred seventy-one clergymen who have attached themselves to this "campaign to disarm and defeat the United States," the Congressional committee was conservative. The fact is that more than *one thousand* Protestant clergymen have been participants in the Communist "peace" organizations which are named in the committee's report.

Preachers, too, are people. As such, they are citizens to be held responsible for their civic and political acts. If professors and government employees are held to strict accountability for collaboration with the Communist-front apparatus, why not clergymen? Do clergymen have their own little Yalu River — their professional status — beyond which they have sanctuary? Why should they be allowed to participate, without investigation and exposure, in the "campaign to disarm and defeat the United States"? The Communist Party counts heavily on this immunity which cowardly politicians would grant to ministers of the Gospel.

AMONG the four hundred seventy-one named in the Congressional committee's report, we find the following names of prominent Protestant Episcopal clergymen: the Rt. Rev. W. Appleton Lawrence, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Western Massachusetts; the Rt. Rev. Arthur W. Moulton, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Utah (retired); the Rt. Rev. John Moore Walker, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Atlanta; the Rt. Rev. David William Short, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Iowa; the Rt. Rev. Benjamin D. Dagwell, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Oregon; the Rt. Rev. Edward L. Parsons, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of California (retired); the Rt. Rev. Walter Mitchell, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Arizona (retired); and the Rt. Rev. G. Ashton Oldham, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Albany.

Other bishops of other Protestant churches, named in the report of the Congressional committee, included the following: the Rev. W. J. Walls, Bishop of the A.M.E. Zion Church, Chicago; the Rev. S. L. Greene, Bishop of the A.M.E. Church, Birmingham; the Rev. William A. Fountain, Bishop of the A.M.E. Church, Atlanta; the Rev. A. R. Clippinger, Bishop of the Evangelical United Brethren Church, Dayton; the Rev. Cameron C. Alleyne, Bishop of the A.M.E. Zion Church, Philadelphia; the Rev. R. R. Wright, Jr., Bishop of the A.M.E. Church, Arkansas; the Rev. A. J. Allen,

Bishop of the A.M.E. Zion Church, Cleveland; the Rev. J. Arthur Hamlett, Bishop of the Colored M. E. Church, Kansas City; the Rev. Carey A. Gibbs, Bishop of the A.M.E. Church, Jacksonville, Fla.; the Rev. Paul B. Kern, Bishop of the Methodist Church, Nashville; the Rev. Frank M. Reid, Bishop of the A.M.E. Church, Columbia, S. C.; and the Rev. Paris A. Wallace, Bishop of the A.M.E. Zion Church, Brooklyn.

Among other prominent Protestant clergymen, the Congressional committee named the following as participants in the phony Communist "peace" maneuver: the Rev. Henry Hitt Crane, Pastor of the Central Methodist Church, Detroit; the Rev. Walter G. Muelder, Dean of the Boston University School of Theology; the Rev. Donald B. Cloward, Executive Secretary of the Council on Christian Social Progress of the Northern Baptist Convention; the Rev. William E. Lampe, General Secretary of the Evangelical and Reformed Church; the Rev. D. V. Jemison, President of the National Baptist Convention; the Rev. Owen J. Beadles, Methodist District Superintendent, Seattle; the Very Rev. Paul Roberts, Dean of St. John's Cathedral, Denver; the Rev. Purd E. Deitz, Vice-Chairman of the Division of Home Missions of the National Council of Churches; the Rev. T. T. Brumbaugh, Associate Secretary of the Methodist Board of Missions; and the Rev. John B.

Thompson, Dean of the Rockefeller Memorial Chapel, University of Chicago.

THE Protestant clergymen named in the report of the Congressional committee come from forty-eight states and the District of Columbia. This is emphatic evidence of the fact that the Communist infiltration of the Protestant churches has been nation-wide.

Why were there no anguished outcries from the leftists and fake liberals two years ago, when the Congressional committee published its findings concerning the participation of clergymen in the "most dangerous hoax ever devised by the international Communist conspiracy"? Where was Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.? The concerted smear attack upon Congressman Harold Velde has a familiar stench about it.

Outside the known leadership of the Communist Party of the United States, the five top pro-Soviet propagandists in this country are all Protestant clergymen. Their names and positions are as follows: the Rev. Harry F. Ward, Professor Emeritus of Union Theological Seminary; the Rev. Kenneth Ripley Forbes, Executive Secretary of the Episcopal League for Social Action; the Rev. Jack R. McMichael, Executive Secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Action; the Rev. Willard Uphaus, Co-Director of the American Peace Crusade; and the Rev. Joseph F. Fletcher, Professor of

Christian Social Ethics, Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass.

The Rev. Joseph F. Fletcher and the Rev. Willard Uphaus were elected to membership on the World Peace Council at the Second World Peace Congress, held in Communist-controlled Poland, November 13-19, 1950. This gathering had been scheduled to meet in Sheffield, England; but, at the last minute, the British Government refused to allow the foreign delegates to land in England. The gathering was, thereupon, transferred to Warsaw.

On May 7, 1951, the Department of State published a bulletin entitled "The Phony 'Peace' Offensive," in which the World Peace Council was discussed in the bluntest terms. The State Department observed correctly that "the entire program of this shadowy group (the World Peace Council) coincides with the foreign policy objectives of the U.S.S.R." A clearer warning could hardly have been issued. "Let no one be deceived by the World Peace Council," said the State Department. "It is an organ of Soviet foreign policy. It is a tool of the phony 'peace' offensive."

THE international "peace" apparatus of the Kremlin has been busy in the United States, through such fronts as the American Peace Crusade, the Committee on Peaceful Alternatives, the Mid-Century Conference for Peace, the National Labor Conference for Peace, and the

"World Peace Appeal." In the summer of 1950, the "World Peace Appeal" was widely distributed for the signatures of Americans. The Peace Information Center, an American adjunct of the international "peace" apparatus, released the names of some six hundred thirty signers of the "World Peace Appeal." Of the total, two hundred fifty-three were Protestant clergymen. The names of only forty-seven professors were included in the release. Only twenty-nine labor union officials were on the list of signers.

Among the six hundred thirty signers of the phony "World Peace Appeal," we find the following: the Rev. Cullen B. Wilson, Opelika, Alabama; the Rev. Horatio H. Crawford, Yuma, Arizona; the Rev. Kenneth R. Teed, Willimantic, Connecticut; the Rev. William C. Munds, Greenville, Delaware; the Rev. Edward Martin, Palatka, Florida; the Rev. Louis C. Phelps, Nampa, Idaho; the Rev. Peter Langendorff, Hammond, Indiana; the Rev. M. E. Dorr, Osage, Iowa; the Rev. Wright M. Horton, Edna, Kansas; the Rev. W. R. Brown, Ashland, Kentucky; the Rev. Francis C. Hawes, Winterport, Maine; the Rev. G. Custer Cromwell, Towson, Maryland; the Rev. Paul G. Hayes, Albert Lea, Minnesota; the Rev. J. L. Tolbert, New Albany, Mississippi; the Rev. Lowell D. Jones, Neleigh, Nebraska; the Rev. Paul L. McClure, Las Vegas, Nevada; the Rev. George R. Wolverson, Franklin, New Hamp-

shire; the Rev. George Teague, Teaneck, New Jersey; and the Rev. Charles H. Davis, Haskell, Oklahoma. The addresses of these clergymen give further proof that the Communist "peace" apparatus has blanketed the entire country, penetrating into the very small cities and towns of the nation.

Other comparisons will indicate the predominance of clergymen among the supporters of the Communist-front apparatus.

The Mid-Century Conference for Peace was one of the units in the phony Communist "peace" offensive. It was convened in Chicago in May, 1950. Among three hundred sixty supporters of this Communist front, there were one hundred ninety-four clergymen, ninety-eight educators, and only twenty-three labor union officials.

THE Conference on Peaceful Alternatives to the Atlantic Pact, another of the units in the phony Communist "peace" offensive, sent an open letter to members of Congress, which was signed by six hundred thirty-seven clergymen and only seventy-four educators.

Another of the current units of the Communist-front apparatus, the National Committee to Repeal the McCarran Act (the Internal Security Act of 1950), issued a press release signed by five hundred twenty-eight clergymen and only one hundred nine educators.

The oldest unit of the Commu-

nist-front apparatus in this country is the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, an organization cited as "Communist and subversive" by the Attorney General. The ACPFB specializes in the defense of alien Communists who have been arrested for deportation. To join in the defense of these alien agents of the Moscow conspiracy, the ACPFB has been successful in enlisting hundreds of Protestant clergymen. In fact, the honorary chairman of the ACPFB is the Rt. Rev. Arthur W. Moulton, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Utah (retired). Among the current sponsors of the organization, we find the following clergymen: the Rev. Paul J. Allured, Presbyterian Minister of Lansing, Michigan; the Rev. Frank D. Campbell, Del Rosa, California; the Rev. L. A. Gross, Chicago; the Rev. Edward L. Peet, Mill Valley, California; and the Rev. Kenneth Ripley Forbes, Philadelphia.

A recent ACPFB leaflet entitled "Clergymen Condemn Deportations" was signed by ninety-seven Protestant clergymen, including such veteran supporters of the Communist-front apparatus as the following: the Rev. Lee H. Ball, Irvington, New York; the Rev. Burns Brodhead, Bristol, Pennsylvania; the Rev. Mark A. Chamberlin, Gresham, Oregon; the Rev. John W. Darr, Jr., New York City; the Rev. Oliver G. Dropers, Cleveland, Ohio; the Rev. Charles A. Hill, Detroit; the Rev. Chester E. Hodgson, Newark, New

Jersey; the Rev. John Howland Lathrop, Brooklyn; and the Rev. James D. Wyker, Missouri.

ONE of the oldest Communist enterprises for clergymen in this country is known as the People's Institute of Applied Religion, reference to which has been made in these pages already. The present headquarters of the PIAR are in Helena, Alabama.

The Attorney General of the United States has listed the People's Institute of Applied Religion as "Communist and subversive." The director of the PIAR is the Rev. Claude C. Williams, who admitted some years ago that his Communist Party membership card was made out in the name of "John Galey."

The People's Institute of Applied Religion specializes in disseminating Communist propaganda among preachers in rural communities in the South. The PIAR director, Claude Williams, wrote one of his local leaders, with reference to a PIAR conference to be held in Christ Church Cathedral, St. Louis, as follows: "Write me in the enclosed envelope stating that I can depend upon you and Moore to have at least ten real hill-billy, honest-to-God Bible preachers here for the institute. We'll pay, oil and keeps as promised before. And I'm sure that I can get you on the payroll."

The payroll to which Williams referred in his letter was the payroll of the Home Missions Council of North

America, of which the Rev. Mark A. Dawber was then executive secretary. The Home Missions Council was one of the most important Protestant church bodies in America. It was recently made the Division of Home Missions of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U. S. A. According to the Rev. Claude C. Williams, the Home Missions Council of North America made cash subsidies for the work of the People's Institute of Applied Religion. Shocking as it may seem to sincere Protestant Christians in this country, the undisputed fact is that some of their Christian-dedicated dollars went to support the dissemination of Communism and subversion among rural clergymen.

Among the international board members and sponsors of the People's Institute of Applied Religion, we find the following prominent clergymen listed on the current letterhead: the Rev. Joseph F. Fletcher; the Rev. Jack R. McMichael, executive secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Action; the Rev. Harry F. Ward; and the Rev. Willard Uphaus, co-director of the American Peace Crusade. These four clergymen are, as has been observed already, among the top five pro-Soviet propagandists in the United States, outside the known leaders of the Communist Party.

ALSO listed as international board members and sponsors of the PIAR are the following Protestant

clergymen: the Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman, Los Angeles; the Rev. Chester E. Hodgson, Newark; the Very Rev. Hewlett Johnson, the "Red" Dean of Canterbury; the Rev. John Howland Lathrop, Brooklyn; the Rev. Harold P. Marley, Chicago; the Rev. William Howard Melish, Brooklyn; the Rev. John B. Thompson, Dean of the Rockefeller Memorial Chapel; the Rev. Kenneth Leslie, editor of *The Protestant*; the Rev. Charles C. Webber, president of the C.I.O. Council of Virginia; and the Rev. John Whittier Darr, Jr., New York City.

The Protestant, edited from its inception by the Rev. Kenneth Leslie, has long been a Communist propaganda medium among clergymen. Formerly published in New York City, this subversive magazine is now issued in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The April, 1953, issue of *The Protestant* opens with a poem (?) entitled "Mao Cooks a Dish." Mao is, of course, the head of the Red terroristic regime in China. The poem closes with the following lines:

Gongs of all Asia summon all Asia:
Come to the feast that our Mao is
preparing!

With reference to the armed forces of the United States, the poem in *The Protestant* has the following lines:

Pinning them down in Korea while
sharpening
Chop-sticks for Europe, chop-sticks
for Asia.

Backing the rank Communist

propaganda of *The Protestant* and listed as "editorial advisers" in the April, 1953, issue are the following clergymen: the Rev. William T. Baird, Essex Community Church, Chicago; the Rev. Russell C. Barbour, editor of the *National Baptist Voice*, Nashville; Reginald H. Bass, New York City; the Rev. I. Jonathan Domas; the Rev. Joseph F. Fletcher; the Rev. Sidney E. Harris, Woodburne, Oregon; the Rev. A. Eustace Haydon, University of Chicago; the Rev. Donald Lothrop, Community Church of Boston; the Rev. E. D. McGowan, Epworth Methodist Church, Bronx; the Rev. John A. Maynard, French Protestant Episcopal Church, New York City; the Rev. Lloyd Frank Merrill, Manchester, Michigan; the Rev. Dryden L. Phelps, former missionary in China; the Rev. D. R. Sharpe, executive secretary of the Cleveland Baptist Association; the Rev. Wilfred Wakefield, Brookfield, Illinois; and the Rev. Claude C. Williams, director of the People's Institute of Applied Religion.

THE *Protestant*, formerly known as *The Protestant Digest*, has been viciously anti-Catholic as well as pro-Communist. Hardly an issue of the magazine has appeared in the past fifteen years in which there were fewer than a half dozen articles breathing hatred toward Roman Catholics and love for the Soviet Union.

The Protestant brazenly defended

the Hungarian torture and imprisonment of Cardinal Mindzenty.

In its December-January, 1942, issue, *The Protestant* carried the following editorial rhapsody entitled "God's Red Army":

It is not because Russia has saved us that we thank God for the Red Army. . . . It is simply because of what Russia is and because of the quality of the Red Army itself, the spiritual quality of its soldiers, the way its soldiers feel toward its people, the way its soldiers feel toward their enemies. This is why, listening to our innermost voice, we hear ourselves thanking God for the Red Army.

In the fall of 1941, two months before Pearl Harbor, *The Protestant* obtained the signatures of one thousand Protestant clergymen to a manifesto calling for all-out aid to the Soviet Union. The *Daily Worker* featured this achievement with a Page One, eight-column banner headline. The manifesto declared, among other things, that "not one member of any branch of our Government is Communist." Why one thousand Protestant clergyman considered themselves competent to sign such a preposterous statement is a question to ponder. Its falsity has been fully established. Among the signers of the statement, we find the following: the Rev. John A. McKay, president of Princeton Theological Seminary; the Rev. D. V. Jemison, president of the National Baptist Convention; the Rev. Wal-

ter M. Horton, Oberlin College; the Rev. Joseph F. Fletcher; the Rev. Guy Emery Shipler; the Rt. Rev. G. Ashton Oldham, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Albany; and the Rev. Rufus W. Weaver, chairman of the Baptist Public Relations Committee.

ONE of the most effective pro-Soviet propaganda media in the United States during the past generation has been the Methodist Federation for Social Action.

On February 17, 1952, the Committee on Un-American Activities of the House of Representatives released an 87-page report entitled "Review of the Methodist Federation for Social Action." This report established beyond the possibility of successful contradiction that the views and policies of the MFSA have throughout the years closely paralleled those of the Communist Party.

For many years, the active leader of the Methodist Federation for Social Action was the Rev. Prof. Harry F. Ward. He was succeeded by the present executive secretary, the Rev. Jack R. McMichael. It would be hard to find two more effective pro-Soviet propagandists in the United States than Ward and McMichael. Ward has spent a great deal of time in the Soviet Union, and has written several books extolling the Soviet system. McMichael was head of the Communist and subversive American Youth Congress. Both clergymen have been affiliated

with scores of units of the Communist-front apparatus.

The present officers of the Methodist Federation are as follows: President, Bishop Edgar A. Love; Vice-Presidents, Bishop J. W. E. Bowen and the Rev. Edgar Wahlberg; Recording Secretary, Loyd Worley; Treasurer, the Rev. Lee H. Ball; and Honorary Chairman, Bishop Francis J. McConnell.

Inasmuch as the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities has already made extensive investigations of the Communist affiliations of clergymen, and published an entire report on one organization of clergymen — the Methodist Federation for Social Action — it is difficult to understand the protests registered at this late date against the investigation of pro-Communist clergymen. It is especially difficult to understand these protests when they emanate from Congressmen who are members of the Committee on Un-American Activities, all of whom concurred in the previous investigations of clergymen.

Following the suggestion of Congressman Harold Velde, chairman of the Committee on Un-American Activities, that his committee might pursue its investigations into the pro-Communist affiliations of clergymen in the future, tens of thousands of letters and telegrams poured into the office of Congressman Velde. Ninety-six percent of these communications backed Velde. The communications received from clergy-

men themselves were likewise overwhelming in their approval of the Congressman's suggestion.

WHY, one often hears, is it a matter of any great concern that ministers of the Gospel join, sponsor, or otherwise support the Communist-front apparatus? The answer to that question is that the Communist-front apparatus is an integral part of the whole nefarious Communist conspiracy to destroy us; that it is assigned as definite a role as the Communist Party itself, the espionage cells, the Communist training schools, and the Communist press. In the May issue of AMERICAN MERCURY, the multiple uses of the Communist-front apparatus were set forth in some detail. The reader is invited to refer to that discussion in my article on "Communism and the Colleges."

It hardly needs to be said that the vast majority of American Protestant clergymen are loyal to the free institutions of this country, as well as loyal to their solemn trust as ministers of the Gospel. In a sense, this overwhelming majority is embarrassed by the participation of the minority in the activities of the most sinister conspiracy in the history of the world.

The international Communist conspiracy aims at the total obliteration of Judeo-Christian civilization. Communist dogma is diametrically opposed to every tenet of Judeo-Christian theology and philosophy. It is,

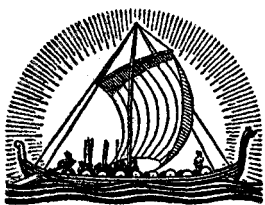
therefore, nothing short of a monstrous puzzle that some seven thousand Protestant clergymen have been drawn during the past seventeen years into the network of the Kremlin's conspiracy. Could it be that these pro-Communist clergymen have allowed their zeal for social justice to run away with their better judgment and patriotism?

A partial explanation of these thousands of clergymen who have collaborated in one way or another with the Communist-front apparatus may be found in the vogue of the "social gospel" which infected the Protestant theological seminaries more than a generation ago. Many graduates of the "liberalized" Protestant seminaries abandoned religion altogether in favor of the "social gospel."

The Rev. Walter Rauschenbush, with his *Christianizing the Social Order*, and the Rev. Harry F. Ward, with his *The New Social Order*, pioneered the "social gospel" in the years before World War I, the former a Baptist and the latter a Methodist. In the generation which followed, these two men recruited through their teaching and writings thousands of younger clergymen who began to fancy themselves as modern editions of the Eighth Century Prophets — Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, and Micha. They forgot that these Prophets were as passionately concerned with individual human freedom as they were with social justice.



"And now, Dr. Adair, whose topic will be, 'How to overcome insomnia.'"



Ships and Greeks

— and Senator Joe McCarthy

By **PATRICK McMAHON**

WHEN Senator Joseph R. McCarthy announced his famous deal with a group of “patriotic” Greek shippers in New York City last March, to ban their 242 ships from trade with Red China, all hell broke loose in Washington — as the ubiquitous gentleman from Wisconsin no doubt expected.

The controversial Senator’s announcement caused more flushed and angry faces, a greater gnashing of teeth and a longer and louder chorus of sturdy Anglo-Saxon expletives in the Department of State, the White House, and the Mutual Security Agency, than had ever been provoked by the steady flow of goods from our “free world” allies to the enemy.

The deal was denounced privately and publicly as a fraud, a “pig-in-

the-poke” sold to the Senator by a group of unscrupulous Greek expatriates, a gross invasion of the prerogatives of the Executive branch, an attempt to undercut U. S. foreign policy. Mostly, it was denounced simply because it was the work of Joe McCarthy.

But out of the welter of claims and counterclaims, charges and countercharges, a few cold — very cold — hard facts emerged. Unfortunately, they were all but obscured in the fog of controversy.

Among the coldest and hardest facts are:

(1) That the volume of “non-strategic” goods and materials being legally shipped by the “free world” to Red China and the rest of the Soviet bloc has substantially strengthened the Soviet war potential.

(2) That the countries of Western Europe and "free" Asia are adamantly opposed to drastically reducing their trade with Red China, Russia and the European satellites.

(3) That the British and Scandinavian maritime countries are equally opposed to any measures which would substantially reduce their profitable shipping business with Red China.

(4) That the difficulties of policing the shipping restrictions thus far adopted by those countries — which limit cargoes to "non-strategic" goods — are so complicated that it is very possible that considerable supplies of war goods are slipped into Communist China by the vessels of our allied nations, under falsified cargo manifests and phony labels.

(5) That although the Defense Department would like all trade with Red China cut off completely, a hard core of policy-forming officials in the Department of State favors the continuation of a substantial two-way flow of non-strategic trade.

(6) That the net effect of the restrictions on shipping thus far adopted by the free world at the behest of the State Department and MSA has been simply to divert the lucrative China trade from Panamanian, Greek, Liberian, Honduran — and United States — flag vessels, to those under the register of Great Britain and, to a lesser extent, the Scandinavian countries.

(7) That whatever its immediate practical effects might be, the Mc-

Carthy deal with the Greek shippers certainly has the psychological effect of bringing heavy moral pressure on the British government and the British people, who are peculiarly sensitive to moral pressure. And it has just as certainly brought a great deal of *some* sort of pressure on the U. S. Department of State and MSA.

(8) That despite the fact their own troops have been engaged in combat with the Chinese Reds for more than two years, the British are still allowing an undisclosed number of vessels that are known to be owned and controlled by the Chinese Communists to ply the China trade under the protection of the British flag.

OFFICIAL trade statistics give only a partial indication of the extent to which exports from the free world have helped the Chinese Communists. But in 1948, the last year of fairly unrestricted trade between Communist and non-Communist countries, and the last year that the Nationalist government had effective control of China, the flow of goods to the Soviet bloc totaled 1.9 billion dollars, of which 525 million dollars went to China. In 1952, after four years of gradually tightening restrictions (chiefly as a result of pressure from Congress), and after two and a half years of war in Korea, the Soviet bloc received 1.4 billion dollars, of which 275 millions went to Red China.

On the surface this would appear

a substantial reduction. However, the 1948 figure includes 400 million dollars' worth of goods shipped from the United States to the Soviet bloc, of which 300 millions went to (then) Nationalist China. In 1952 we shipped no goods at all to Red China, and less than a million dollars' worth to the entire Soviet bloc.

Thus the volume of goods shipped by the free world, excluding the United States, to the Soviet bloc has declined only about 100 million dollars since 1948, and its trade with Red China actually exceeds the trade with Nationalist China during that year by 50 million dollars. It is even more significant that this increase took place after the outbreak of hostilities in Korea.

Hidden in the dry, dusty statistics of East-West trade is a curious factor which, when weighed in the light of estimated Soviet gold reserves (known to be second only to those of the U. S.) seems of lethal import.

Whereas Nationalist China consistently suffered a deficit in its trade with the West, from the time the Communists took over they have consistently earned a surplus. Prior to, and throughout, the Korean war they have exported more goods (in dollar value) than they have imported. During the four years from 1949 through 1952 they built up a reserve of foreign exchange in excess of 300 million dollars. And during the same period the Soviet Union and the European satellites accumulated 220 millions more.

Some intelligence experts think these surpluses of foreign exchange are being used by the Communists for black-market purchases of strategic goods and materials, which Intelligence knows are being smuggled behind the Iron Curtain in considerable volume, for use in the wars in the Orient and to add to the growing stockpiles of the Soviet war machine. These are the goods which the Western nations have agreed, reluctantly, to ban from export to the Communist countries.

The principle "non-strategic" items still being legally shipped to China include cotton, machinery, vehicles, pharmaceuticals, jute, chemical fertilizers, and various consumer goods. Rubber, although declared "strategic" in 1952, is being shipped to China by Ceylon at the rate of about 30 million dollars a year. Exports to Russia and the European satellites include machinery, rubber, wool, cotton, chemicals, transportation equipment, iron and steel manufactures and non-ferrous ores.

Just how "non-strategic" these items are is a matter of considerable debate within the U. S. Government. The Department of Defense feels that all of these exports increase the ability of Red China to supply the armies in Korea and Indo-China and, at the same time, to minimize political and economic dissent at home. As one Pentagon official put it:

"The shipment of nearly 300 million dollars' worth of goods to a

marginal economy such as Red China's cannot help but increase their ability to wage war."

THE Western European and "free" Asiatic governments take a different view. They receive in return large volumes of grains, foodstuffs, fats and oils, timber, furs and raw materials from the Soviet bloc. While nearly all of these items could be obtained from other sources, it would cause certain economic dislocations. For instance, Britain and the sterling area, which do more than a third of the total trade with the Communist countries, earned a handsome surplus in their international transactions in 1952. Had their Iron Curtain trade been cut off completely, the sterling countries would probably have suffered a serious deficit.

The prevailing view of the Department of State and MSA supports the position of the British Commonwealth and Western Europe. They feel the West benefits more than the East from East-West trade; a hypothesis which neither can be proved nor disproved — although obviously the Reds feel the opposite.

So, the policy of State is to bar — insofar as possible — shipments of strategic goods; and to hold the exports of "non-strategic" items down to "reasonable" levels. When exports to Red China from the British crown colony of Hong Kong shot to 281 million dollars in 1951,

quadruple its exports to Nationalist China in 1948, the State Department and MSA intervened sharply with the British and induced a substantial reduction (to 92 millions in 1952).

The State-MSA policy on shipping is consistent with their policy on trade. They feel that enough bottoms must be available to carry the desired volumes of exports and imports to and from Red China. Agreements were obtained with the governments of Panama, Liberia, Honduras, and Greece to prohibit their vessels from the China trade, not to reduce the volume of exports, but simply because those countries lack the facilities to prevent their vessels from carrying black-market cargoes of strategic goods.

THIS was the basic reason for the bitter outburst in State and MSA at McCarthy's agreement with the New York Greeks, and particularly his attempted, similar agreement with the London Greeks. Since only those Greek-owned vessels flying the British flag would be affected by the "voluntary" agreements, they felt that the only effects would be to anger the British and cause them to divert more British-owned ships to the China trade.

For available records clearly demonstrate that, as other maritime countries cut down ships visiting Chinese ports, the British (and Scandinavian countries) simply in-

creased their tonnages. Following is a comparison of ships visiting China ports in July, 1951, when Panama prohibited visits to China ports, with December, 1952, the last month on record:

PANAMA: from 51 ships, 249,000 tons, down to no ships, no tonnage.

BRITAIN: from 24 ships, 125,000 tons, up to 54 ships, 314,000 tons.

SCANDINAVIA: from 6 ships, 20,000 tons, up to 20 ships, 108,000 tons. (Prohibition of Greek-flag ships from visiting China became effective only in April, and results are not yet available.)

The Department of State had an additional and far more important reason than those listed above, for pressuring the Panamanian government to withdraw the ships flying its flag from the China trade. A substantial number of those vessels were known to be owned by the Chinese Communists, who registered their ships — many of which were seized from the Nationalist government — under the British and Panamanian flags to protect them from molestation by the U. S. Navy and by the naval and air forces operated by Chiang Kai-shek out of Formosa.

Although they have been stripped of the protection of neutral Panama, the Chinese Communist ships are still enjoying the protection of the British flag in both their coastwise and international shipping. According to records of the Office of Naval Intelligence, filed by MSA Ad-

ministrators Stassen with the McCarthy subcommittee, more than 10 per cent of the total tonnage of Allied shipping visiting Chinese ports are beneficially owned by the Chinese Reds and sailing under the protection of the British flag. This, after more than 500 British and Commonwealth soldiers have been slain in combat with Chinese and North Korean Reds.

British officials point out that these vessels are subject to British shipping regulations, and must pay British taxes for their privileges. Nevertheless, U. S. shipping officials doubt that British policing of their regulations is sufficiently stringent to prevent the Communist-owned vessels flying their flag from smuggling black-market strategic goods into Red China ports. It is doubtful that this practice — whatever rewards it might return to Britain in taxes paid by the Red ship-owners — could be justified to the British public, which takes considerable pride in its national morality.

The whole controversy which Senator Joe McCarthy highlighted, concerning the trade and shipping to Red China and the Soviet bloc, was summed up in a single sentence by one of his Senate colleagues. Perhaps it is an oversimplification. But it certainly seems to be fair.

"It seems a question," he said, "of how much blood we and our allies must spend to balance the trade of Western Europe and the British Commonwealth."

WHAT'S UP TOWN

By Leona D. Newkirk

"HELLO Joe, what d'you know?" Anywhere along Lenox or upper Seventh Avenue, you may hear this greeting. The answer is, "I can't say it. Can't say a thing." Like every locale, Harlem has its idioms and clichés. Ask some one what he thinks of the outcome of the election, or what he thinks of Sugar Ray's contract. You might ask him about the situation in Africa or the Korean war. Whatever you ask, the answer will invariably begin, "Now, I'll tell you what's up town . . ." That means, I'll tell you the truth about it. I'll give you the inside story, the real low down. So, now, I'd like to "tell you what's up town" *about* what's up town . . . Harlem.

It has long been supposed that Harlem was the area between New York's 110th and 155th Streets, bounded on the East by the Harlem River and on the West by St. Nicholas Avenue. But the truth is that Harlem has become like the fabled shoe in which the prolific old woman lived. Like the old woman, she has "so many children

she doesn't know what to do." The great number of colored people have outgrown their allotted space. So gradually, building after building, street after street, "went colored," as the phrase goes, until now a great portion of Black Manhattan is high up on Washington Heights. Negroes live as far north as 167th Street and as far west as Broadway. And there is even a fair representation of the group in the formerly forbidden realms of Riverside Drive.

The Heights is beyond a doubt the most ideal and most coveted middle-class residential section in Manhattan. The displaced White population look back at the location with nostalgia and yearning. Frankly, many real estate men and landlords regret the avarice that forced them to yield this Eden to the Negroes. But, what is done, is done! And although the colored residents are forced to pay high rent, they seem determined to keep their position high on the Hill — a spot so dear that it has become popularly known as "Sugar Hill."

There is little left for buying

bread or much of anything else after paying rent for the better houses. Rents in fairly livable houses average twenty-seven dollars per room. Three thousand dollars a year is an unusually good salary among these people.

Most of the houses are owned by landlords who "milk the property dry." This has given rise to the propaganda that when Negroes move in, the property depreciates or becomes depleted. It has long been known, however, that no other section yields the profit taken in colored neighborhoods.

CONTRARY to a general belief, the Negro is not sleeping. He is biding his time and for the most part taking whatever advantage presents itself to improve his situation. Several fine, large apartment houses are now leased or owned by Negroes. A few years ago, the Roger Morris at 555 Edgecombe Avenue was bought by a Negro preacher, Daddy Grace. "555," as it is fondly referred to, is possibly the most beautiful apartment building on the Heights. And continuing his spirit of enterprise and leadership, Daddy Grace has recently bought two apartment houses on Riverside Drive and a large office building on 125th Street and Eighth Avenue. There have been others who with the same commendable foresight and business acumen have invested in apartment houses. To these shining examples, all Harlem points proudly.

There is one amusing aspect to this whole housing situation. When the Heights opened to Negroes, about sixteen years ago, there were already colored people living in almost every building up there. The great influx of Puerto Ricans had begun. Believing them to be white, the agents had rented them apartments, indiscriminately. As time went by the doors of practically every one of those apartments were opened by Negroes. Nearly every white-looking Puerto Rican has a black brother, sister, mother, father or cousin. They had sent for these relatives to come to enjoy the abundance of this democracy. The owners were utterly helpless.

Public housing has done a great deal to alleviate the shortage up town. The Harlem River Houses, the first such project for Negroes, were completed in 1937 at the approximate cost of \$4,250,000. They proved a very successful experiment and a veritable haven to many. These houses are comprised of four- and five-story apartment buildings located on Seventh Avenue in Manhattan. The nine acres are bounded by 151st Street, 153rd Street, Harlem River, and McCombs Place. The location is ideal. The houses are well appointed and the beautiful grounds well kept. The community is proud of it.

THERE are now a half dozen or more such projects. The first three provide more than twenty-

nine hundred dwelling units at fairly reasonable rentals. Slums and blighted areas were cleared for their construction. But there are a great many people who would not care to live in these neighborhoods at any cost. To them, the shadow of the New York Central Railroad, serving as shelter for Harlem Market, along Park Avenue, keeps alive the memory of the stench of decaying vegetables and fish in the old outdoor market.

The people debate among themselves as to whether strategy was used in building these houses in such locations. "Could it have been an attempt to lure the Negroes back into the Valley?" They refer to that locale below Coogan's Bluff, south of the Polo Grounds, extending south to 110th Street, between Eighth Avenue and Harlem River. This, the most densely populated Negro community in the world, is the district to which colored people were previously restricted. It was also insinuatingly known as the Coal Bin. These people do not want to return to it.

But, "Public housing does offer new, attractive homes," they say, "and the rule of tenancy gives preference to families that formerly lived on the sites." Considering this, they shake their heads still half-doubting and say, "Perhaps it wasn't a trick." Yet a suspicious majority are determined to wait until some of the dilapidated buildings on the Upper West Side are

demolished and projects built there.

In spite of all the new buildings, it is a sad and pertinent fact that there are still street after street of decadent, rodent-infested, old-law tenements — crumbling old buildings with narrow, inadequately lighted public halls, creaky stairs, and ceilings and soffits improperly fire-retarded. We look with fear at the rusting fire-escapes. Firetraps! A deplorable number are destined to become pyres of helpless humans during the next year. Several times each year the newspapers cry out the awful details under such searing headlines as, "ENTIRE FAMILY BURNED TO DEATH IN TENEMENT FIRE."

The Department of Housing and Buildings and other city departments have repeatedly made sincere and definite efforts to remedy the situation. However, a complete and happy metamorphosis will necessarily take a great many years. Meantime, the nearly 400,000 colored people in Black Manhattan listen fearfully to the clang of fire engines and await with dreadful expectancy the report on every fire.

BUT, aside from bad housing and its disreputable offspring, juvenile delinquency, there is much less anxiety than there used to be in Harlem. The Negro has matured intellectually and there are some who are really well-off financially. The number of Negro-owned businesses is growing. However, in business as

in housing, it seems they are also frequently stymied. They complain that their own people will walk right past their stores. I have often heard them say, "Our folks are just like crabs in a barrel. Always trying to pull down the one that tries to reach the top."

What seems to be the case is this: The Negro is newly established in business while the white merchant has been there a long time and has won the confidence of the community. So, when anyone goes to the Negro's store and finds prices are slightly high, he refuses to give the merchant a break. From habit, he continues to patronize the other store although the prices may be just as high. He has known the white merchant so much longer that he just does not believe he would overcharge him. It is, I think, psychological, and more than that it is economic. These people simply cannot afford to take chances on their pennies.

Frequently a colored merchant employs a white person to "front" for him. He keeps behind a screen or appears to be a flunky.

Bars and grills are an exception to the rule. It has been observed that white people, quite generally, like to frequent colored night spots. So here, the system reverses. It has become a profitable custom for some white person to open a place and have a Negro "front" for him.

Legitimate business in colored neighborhoods suffers other opposi-

tion. Until the late Fiorella LaGuardia could stand it no longer, the streets of Black Manhattan were infested with push-cart markets. There were fruits and vegetables of all kinds, including those from the Tropics to lure the West Indian trade. There were pots and pans and hair pins and stockings and underwear and jewelry and fish and rabbits and fur coats probably made from those same rabbits.

The prices were unbelievably low and the scales were usually inaccurate. The people lost approximately one pound in every ten. Literally and figuratively such business carried an unsavory odor.

BUT the push-cart merchants have become peddlers. Still using their bathrooms, kitchens, and the space under their beds for stockrooms, they now use the people's livingrooms for their sales rooms and show windows. The door bell rings. The lady of the house is offered silverware, sample hand-made hats, exclusive-style fur coats, aluminum ware, vacuum cleaners, eggs fresh from the country, imported perfumes, rugs and even yard goods. Evidently, word was passed around that the colored housewife is gullible, for it is with this type of merchant that Harlem and the Heights have become overrun.

Harlem homes have recently been invaded by an even more unholy horde. They represent an interesting though questionable system by

which more than half of the people up town keep well-dressed. Hypothetically, Tillie Black works in the same office with Frieda Gelt. The girls are friendly. Frieda wears a beautiful suit. Tillie admires it but she cannot afford such clothes. Finally, Frieda introduces her cousin who can get such things, wholesale.

He has no trouble at all in selling her a twelve-ninety-eight dress for thirty dollars. Tillie, of course, just *knows* it is worth at least fifty.

So the vicious circle begins. Tillie recommends her friends as customers. He has a rug for Mrs. Striver. She pays ten dollars down and he leniently accepts anything she can scrape together for the next year and a half. It is likely that by this time Tillie and her friends realize — too late — that they are paying about one hundred per cent more than any of the articles is worth.

“**W**HY do they continue to patronize these peddlers?” you ask. They say the cause is economic, a lack of credit. When the itinerant, livingroom salesman appears he seems God-sent.

Why don't these people open stores of their own? There are several reasons. And, I'm told, they all sum up to economic pressure. Some may have a little money to invest, but they find it difficult to rent a favorably located store. When they do find a place the lease is too high. They need more money. They must

secure a loan. But the banks just will not lend them money.

There are, however, a great many barber shops and beauty parlors and newsstands and other such businesses that do not depend so much on credit. And there are countless small lunch rooms and rooming houses. There is a great number of beautiful, big churches, too.

I recall an era when the so-called blue noses in a certain community protested loudly that there was a “saloon for every church.” In Harlem, there are numerous liquor stores and saloons — as many as the law allows, in fact. But — there seems to be an effort to have a church for every saloon! So, beside the big, beautiful churches, you see a little store-front church in nearly every block.

Harlem's people are deeply, sincerely religious. And contrary to the much-propagandized “Cabin-in-the-Sky” type of worship, an astounding amount of sound philosophy is heard everywhere and an intelligent, practical Christianity is taught and practiced.

Harlem is truly wonderful. The people love it. In spite of discriminations or any rumored or echoed complaints, Harlem is their home.

They do not fail to remind you of the economic pressures they have to endure; but they palliate their disappointments with pride in their cultural growth. They boast about Harlem — The Mecca of the New Negro.



A REPORT ON WATER DOWSING

By Cecil R. Roseberry



FIRSTLY, what you are about to read is not another strident argument in the recurrent and somewhat tedious debate over water dowsing. It is the straight, factual narrative of a series of experiments set afoot to explore the validity of dowsing by the most direct of all possible methods — the punching of holes in the earth. If Kenneth Roberts and his miracle-man, Henry Gross, came out on the short end of the stick, it was not because of a crooked drill.

Secondly, although the tentative answers we have obtained are unfavorable, by and large, to the art of divining as a reliable guide to the recesses where water gurgles unseen, they do not gainsay the existence of a very real and puzzling class of phenomena (including dowsing) which appear to lie in the shadow-land somewhere betwixt psychology and physics.

Kenneth Roberts' book, *Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod* (a briefer and more apt title might

have been "Henry and I"), was published early in 1951. The reviews appeared on a Sunday. Early Monday morning, my friend the New York State geologist, Dr. John G. Broughton, called me at my desk in the *Albany Times-Union* and asked: "Are we going to let him get away with it?"

In my column the following day, I quoted Dr. Broughton on some uncomplimentary remarks about water-witching: that it had been thoroughly discredited by science; that groundwater is to be found beneath approximately 90 per cent of the earth's surface; that there is no such thing as "veins" of water, unless the solution channels in limestone might be considered such; that dowsers are usually familiar with the water potentialities of the landscape over which they work; that they may be perfectly sincere in believing the rod acts without their volition, when it is actually induced to do so by a muscular

twitch that is more or less subconscious. Dr. Broughton summed up his views in one trenchant statement: "Dowsing is humbug."

Up in Kennebunkport, novelist Roberts saw red. Through my column, he flung back a challenge at the state geologist, and any other geologists who might be within range. He offered to post with me his check for \$100 to be paid to Dr. Broughton (or to Dr. Winifred Goldring, the state paleontologist, whose name had been dragged in also as being a skeptic) if he could find in the book "one statement concerning water dowsing that can be successfully controverted." The letter stipulated only that the judge should be Professor J. B. Rhine of Duke University, and wound up on this caustic note: "I am overwhelmed by the apparent inability of the human race to limit its utterance to what it knows, and to grasp what it reads."

This little exchange of pleasantries between one of America's foremost authors and an eminent scientist was the seed from which sprang the drilling experiments now to be related. Drs. Broughton and Goldring promptly withdrew behind the cloak of scientific dignity. Broughton was "sorry he started the whole thing," and said he wanted no part of a "publicity stunt" to advertise Roberts' book — not even for \$100.

A correspondence was initiated between Roberts and me which led on to bigger things. The thought

quickly occurred that, if the Maine maestro, Henry Gross, could locate "domes" of fresh water in Bermuda by remote-control from Kenneth Roberts' study in Kennebunkport, then it ought to be apple pie for him to project his talents the mere 170 miles between Kennebunkport and Albany. Roberts readily assented to a test. It was the more agreeable to him because a successful denouement would be under the very noses of the geologists who had deprecated dowsing.

A PARTICULARLY baffling problem was at hand. A young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Pauley, had recently "gone to the country," purchasing a venerable farm in the Normanskill Valley near Albany. Along with its rolling acres and red barns, they presently discovered that they had acquired a water dilemma. The only household supply came from a dug well which had a distressing habit of running dry. They sought advice from the Farm Bureau, from soil experts and geologists, all of whom discouraged them. The farm rests upon a plateau of dense, glutinous blue clay, once the bed of a glacial lake, and its depth to bedrock (as we subsequently learned) is about 125 feet. Water, except in oozes and trickles, simply is not to be had in such stuff.

The Pauleys (with a motive that was not entirely altruistic, to be sure) volunteered their farm as a "guinea pig."

The reaction of Roberts and Gross was instantaneous: "The whole proposition interests us very much because of the insistence of the local geologists that there can't be any water under Pauley's land. We know different." (If there is anything Roberts deplures, it is a geologist.)

ON THE BASIS of a preliminary description of the terrain, Henry's rod was able to detect three "veins" aslant the farm: "One carrying three and one-half gallons in dry weather; one that carries two gallons in dry weather; and one that peters out." Roberts added: "Offhand, if you and Pauley stand at Pauley's kitchen stove, that good vein will prove to be about 87 feet away."

A map of the farm, together with elevations and compass bearings, was mailed to Kennebunkport at his request. It came back marked in red pencil with two diverging "veins," one on the east, the other on the west side of the farm buildings. Both were supposed to emanate from a "dome" located 3,556 feet south of the boundary line of the farm. The best "vein" was the east one, Henry's rod having informed him that it would yield three and one-half gallons a minute at a depth of 46 feet. The west "vein" would give two gallons a minute.

The covering letter from Roberts said: "Henry's thought is to get one of your local dowsers and walk

him straight out along the south line of the house to the eastward. If he's any good, he'll hit the vein as indicated. Have him do the same thing in the vicinity of the southwest corner of the second barn. If he's good, his rod will go down where I've put the red lines."

By this time we had a large pool of home-talent dowsers from which to draw. Mention the word in print and they seem to dowse themselves up from nowhere. By letter, by telephone, and in the flesh they materialized. They ranged from a prominent attorney who used a coat-hanger for his rod, to a railroad engineman. Not one of them had ever found a "dry hole." We selected one who seemed to be more persistent and available than the rest — a horny-handed jack-of-all-trades named Peter Finkle (he also had a "sure-cure" formula for malaria, if the doctors would only listen).

Finkle was turned loose on the Pauley farm without being informed that Gross had already given it a "map-divining." He couldn't get a real pull at all where Roberts had charted the good east "vein." But he picked up the west "vein" in short order. Here a startling coincidence arose. Roberts had mapped this "vein" as diagonally crossing a corner of the second barn. Finkle's forked stick led him bang up against the same barn, same corner, from two directions. This was the most puzzling circumstance of all our flirtation with the unknown. We

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lured him back to try again, with the identical result. When we finally took Finkle into our confidence and showed him the map, he nearly dropped his coffee cup. From that day forth, Pete Finkle was not only the peer of Henry Gross — he was his deadly rival! (The “vein” under the corner of that barn still lingers as a haunting conundrum. Another dowser who roamed in during the drilling tests also mapped it, without knowing of the prior instances.)

IN THE SPRING of 1951, Roberts and Gross came to Albany to “pin-point” the job. Quietly and with the professional dignity of a magician going into his act, Henry Gross cut a forked twig and waved it tentatively around the fields as a moth might flicker its antennae. In brief, his results on the spot were more than a little at variance with his map-dowsing. The west “vein” appealed to him now far more than the east “vein,” and he traced it veering off in a quite different direction from that shown by Roberts’ red pencil on the map. Finally he halted in the bottom of a deep ravine, thrust his wand in the ground, and said, “Bring your post-hole auger.”

While the hole was being dug, Henry said water would begin to flow into it at a depth of five feet. It did. That, he said, was where the Pauleys should dig a ten-foot well, and wall it up with stones.

When the post-hole was later dug

to ten feet it had water in it, but every time a hand-pump was exercised in it, the water vanished.

Before Gross left, we asked him to mark a second-choice spot near the house. He ground his heel into the back lawn at a spot which could be interpreted as being “87 feet from the kitchen stove.” He said a well there would produce seven gallons a minute at 40 feet.

But Peter Finkle, our hometown dowser, kept shaking his head. “You won’t get a spoonful there,” he reiterated. “The place to drill is the front yard. I get a powerful pull there.” And he drove a stake some 100 feet distant from the Gross site.

In fairness, it should be remarked that neither Roberts nor Gross advised drilling, in so many words. A major Roberts tenet is that the “hammer-type” drill crushes and ruins “veins,” so that dowsers are discredited. But to dig a forty-foot well in that clay was ridiculous, and would have proved nothing new.

We drilled. At 40 feet, where Henry had said we should get seven gallons a minute, there wasn’t enough water to keep the bailer full. The driller went on past sixty feet, to give Henry the fullest possible chance. Still no strike.

The rig was transferred to the Finkle site in the front yard — Well No. 2. Pete Finkle was cannier than Gross in one major respect: he steadfastly declined to predict depth or volume. He merely said, “My stick tells me there’s a lot of water

down there, somewhere," and sat stoically while the drill churned through the dismal clay.

IN THE MIDST of this operation, the telephone rang. Kenneth Roberts calling from Kennebunkport. It was a very irate Roberts. He fairly burned the wire for half an hour. If the operator had been listening in, his long-distance bill would have been less. "We told you to dig, not drill," he vociferated. "You aren't giving us a fair test. What are you trying to do — crucify Henry?"

While Roberts was upbraiding me by phone, the drill outside had passed the sixty-foot level which had been allowed Gross. When it got down to 100 feet, Pete Finkle began showing signs of uneasiness, though he merely said, "Keep going." At 110 feet we struck water — and bailed over twenty gallons a minute without reducing the "head."

Meanwhile, a gnawing doubt remained: Supposing we had drilled the Gross well likewise to 110 feet. Would we have struck the same water?

Unhappily, for the dowsers, but happily for a more finished experiment, Well No. 2 was ruined before it could be used. The water did not diminish. But somehow the driller bungled it. He neglected it for three months, and the clay caved in.

At this juncture, a second driller — one who emphatically distrusts dowsing — volunteered to drill a third well. Ronald S. Hall specified

that his well must be in ground where the dowsers had not detected any water; if possible, where they had definitely denied the presence of water. It must be at a spot *between* the "veins" charted by Gross and Finkle. Naturally, Hall worked on the assumption that the bed of sand struck in Well No. 2 was not confined to a narrow, culvert-like "vein" (as dowsers postulate), but that it was a uniform blanket laid over perhaps a considerable area where clay meets bedrock.

Hall staked the location of the "anti-dowsing well" with a view to convenience, near the basement wall. It was approximately 35 feet from the Gross well, 65 feet from the Finkle well, and *between* the two. Gross had passed the spot and dismissed it. Not one of the motley array of dowsers who had swarmed over the farm had paused here.

IN BRIEF, the "anti-dowsing well" struck the sand and proved just as productive as Well No. 2 had promised to be. It was cautiously developed, with the result that it is now pumped and piped into the Pauley home and keeping the Pauleys supplied with all the crystal-clear soft water they ever will need.

The foregoing recital does not prove that the dowsers were altogether wrong. But it surely suggests that the dowsers were not altogether right, either. Even if dowsers sometimes locate water, they also sometimes miss it — but good!

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TRAGEDY AT YALTA

By W. M. Lauderdale

NEARLY everybody has had a go at telling what happened at Yalta, but nobody yet has told the full story.

Perhaps no one ever will. But the offstage incidents — the sideshow going on outside the main tent — may provide a parallel.

President Roosevelt was seriously ill. The Secret Service knew it. The heart specialist who accompanied him must have known it.

And while the Russians were trying to take advantage of his illness, our Navy, occupying an inconspicuous place on the sidelines, was giving our radar secrets to the Soviets, telling them everything there was to know about our radar frequencies.

Though trivial by comparison in an age when atom spies and hydrogen bomb developments hog the headlines, these frequencies were then and are now classified "confidential." An enemy knowing them

can jam our radars into uselessness.

The "give-away" was an incident in the voyage of the *U.S.S. Catoctin* to Russia. I was a lieutenant, U.S.N.R., aboard that ship.

Our journey into history began in late 1944, after the *Catoctin*, a headquarters flagship with Captain C. O. Comp, U.S.N., in command, dry-docked at Palermo, Sicily.

Workmen quickly transformed the vacated admiral's quarters into quarters suitable for occupancy by the President of the United States.

Bulkheads were cut with blowtorches, hatches became doors, bunks were removed and a full-size bed was brought in.

Ramps of steel were welded into place, leading from the quarterdeck to the admiral's porch one deck higher.

Departing from Palermo, weswung south of Greece, skirted Crete, then turned northward toward Istanbul.

where we were guided through anti-submarine nets in the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, to rendezvous with a Russian destroyer, our escort to Sevastopol.

The Russians flatly refused to let us see charts of their mine fields; we had to follow their crude instructions to avoid striking mines.

That was one example of Russian failure to co-operate. Another was their refusal to permit the U. S. to build a radio tower on Soviet land.

That was why we avoided Yalta and headed for Sevastopol, where the ship took on the task of linking Yalta with Washington by radio.

When we entered Sevastopol harbor, Captain Comp fired a 21-gun salute to the few hundred Russians living in the war-ruined city. A cannon ashore boomed acknowledgment.

A World War I battleship and two cruisers of the Black Sea Fleet — the *Molotov* and the *Voroshilov* — rode silently at anchor as we made our way to a berth at the lone remaining dock in the battered harbor.

The *Catoctin* had arrived at Sevastopol several weeks before the Roosevelt party reached Yalta. In the interim our medical staff set up a field hospital at the conference site and prepared for any eventuality.

Military and naval personnel — the advance detail of the Big Three — began arriving by the plane-load at Saki airfield, near Yalta, while our communications staff was still in-

stalling a telephone system for the delegation.

A direct line linked the *Catoctin* with Livadia Palace, which was American headquarters for the conference. Through the American exchange, calls could be put through to the Soviet and British switchboards, and to any Soviet city nearby.

At Sevastopol, meanwhile, American naval officers exchanged courtesy calls with their Russian counterparts, except that the "exchange" became one-sided, the Russians swarming aboard the *Catoctin* in droves while our calls were limited to one.

Most of the Russians could read, write, and understand English, a fact we did not discover at first.

AFTER their calls began, in such great numbers as to create a problem, we organized conducted tours of the ship, and Captain Comp issued orders that the Russians were to be shown and told all they wanted to know about anything on board ship, except the White House coding devices.

From the outset, our radars attracted undisguised interest. The Russians plied us with questions and took extensive notes. No performance figures were held back; acting under orders, we had no alternative but to reveal the radar frequencies. If the Russians failed to make use of them it could only be because they failed to recognize their value.

Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin by this time had arrived at Yalta and

their conference was well under way. And the *Catocin* — almost as though no one knew a war was going on — settled down to a forced diet of dreadful music, played by a ten-piece orchestra from the *Molotov*.

Some of us escaped by accepting an invitation to tour Sevastopol. English-speaking guides were in charge, answering questions only after the answers had been cleared by an accompanying Soviet officer; and the tour ended at the Communist equivalent of the U.S.O., where propaganda was dished out in large portions.

Only selected areas of Sevastopol were included in the tour. The rest of the war-wrecked city was off-limits, put there by the Russian authorities who contended there might be danger from unexploded land mines left by the invading Germans.

At Yalta, meanwhile, an incident occurred which served to emphasize the apprehension over President Roosevelt's health.

An Army officer broke a leg in a jeep accident, requiring the use of a wheelchair when he began to recover. Out for an airing, he was pushed toward the Yalta dock, where the captain of one of the U. S. mine-sweepers, Herbert Bayard Swope, Jr., whose father was a Roosevelt intimate, mistook the man in the wheelchair for the President.

BY THE time the wheelchair reached the dock and the occupant was recognized, the ship's crew had hur-

riedly been assembled at attention on deck, and a red-faced Swope stood ready to receive his distinguished visitor.

The *real* Roosevelt, closeted in Livadia Palace, was unaware of the occurrence.

The Palace, incidentally, had been the former summer home of Tsar Nicholas II. The President's rooms were on the first floor, which was used by the Tsar for living quarters. The Tsar often slept in a different room every night, even changing his room during the night from fear of assassination.

Roosevelt's private dining room was formerly a billiard room. Adjoining his quarters was the bedroom of Admiral William D. Leahy; then came Harry Hopkins and James Byrnes; next, the White House map room; then Alger Hiss.

Next to Hiss was Edward Stettinius, Secretary of State; then Admiral Ross T. McIntyre, the White House physician; and Stephen T. Early, the White House secretary.

Commander H. G. Bruenn, the Atlanta heart specialist summoned when Roosevelt died at Warm Springs, had quarters immediately off the main conference room. Ed Flynn, Democratic boss of the Bronx who made the trip at Roosevelt's personal invitation, also roomed nearby.

W. A. Harriman, then Ambassador to Russia, had quarters adjoining those of his daughter, Kathleen, and the President's daughter, Anna.

The second floor of the palace,

used principally by the Tsarina and her four daughters, provided rooms for General George C. Marshall, who occupied the imperial bedroom; and Admiral Ernest J. King, who slept in the Tsarina's boudoir.

The only original furnishings in the entire Palace were two paintings in the President's bedroom. The remainder of the furnishings were brought from Moscow especially for the conference, to replace what the German High Command had looted.

As the Big Three meeting neared its end, the *Catocin* prepared to receive the Presidential party on board for an overnight rest before the journey back was begun.

I was officer of the deck for the President's arrival.

The party, traveling in huge black Russian limousines, reached Sevastopol just before dark, which barred Captain Comp from rendering honors; but having planned to receive the President with pomp, he did so anyhow.

THE full crew was on deck when the President's limousine drew up in the gathering darkness and halted near the long, canopied gangway.

Quiet settled over the ship as two Secret Service agents opened the rear door of the car. One of them removed a wheelchair, then both moved with precision to lift the President out of the car.

A floodlight, rigged to be used only in an emergency, suddenly split

the darkness, illuminating the pitiful spectacle of the President being lifted bodily out of the car, his broad shoulders and strong arms extending around the shoulders and necks of the two agents, his legs dangling helplessly, in sharp contrast to the power of the upper part of his body.

I stood at the top of the gangway ready to send a spare wheelchair to the dock in case the chair which arrived in the President's car failed to operate. But it unfolded satisfactorily and Roosevelt was placed gently into it. With one of the Secret Service men pushing, the slow ascent began, a string of bulbs inside the canopy lighting the way.

I got a singular impression that Roosevelt had one supreme desire at that time: to get to the top of that steep ramp. It showed in his eyes and in the set of his jaw, and as the wheelchair neared the top he stretched out his hands and grasped the ship's rail, and with one powerful heave propelled the chair onto the quarterdeck.

The boatswain's shrill pipe, which had begun when the wheelchair started up the gangway, ended abruptly when the President reached the quarterdeck; and the boatswain, thoroughly winded, stepped aside.

Captain Comp said, "Welcome aboard."

The President, his eyes and stooped shoulders showing fatigue, was halfway up the quarterdeck before he realized anyone had spoken. He flung back an inaudible reply.

THE captain left the quarterdeck as the President did, taking a short cut to the admiral's porch, ascending the ladder from the quarterdeck and meeting the President's wheelchair as it reached the porch by way of the roundabout system of ramps.

Recognition was difficult in the dark, and Captain Comp, keyed up with excitement, spied a dim figure who strode in front of the President. The Captain roared, "Gangway! Gangway. Gangway for the President."

The figure kept coming.

"Out of the way," the captain fairly shrieked. "This is the President." Then he stopped short as Admiral Leahy, five stars on each shoulder of his bridge coat, stalked past.

After the President had been settled in his quarters, the rest of the White House party, still milling around the quarterdeck, were assigned to their staterooms.

The Secret Service detail — there were eighteen in the party — set up a guard in the passage outside the President's stateroom.

The agents off duty joined members of the ship's company in the wardroom, where their words were freer in the knowledge that we were thousands of miles from home and did not expect to return soon.

Roosevelt, they said, had abandoned using braces on his withered legs, and had to be carried or pushed in a wheelchair at all times.

He was physically exhausted by the Yalta conference. He lacked the stamina to snap back, and lost ground under the heartless tactics of the Russians.

And — most startling of all — those close to Roosevelt did not expect him to live through the first year of his fourth term, just beginning.

That was the opinion of laymen who saw the President every day and guarded him all the time.

That was in February, 1945. Roosevelt was to die before spring was gone.

THE President was awakened before dawn the next morning to leave for Saki airfield. The departure was delayed for an hour while doctors pondered whether General Edwin M. (Pa) Watson, F.D.R.'s military aide and close friend, who had suffered during the night from a kidney ailment, could travel.

Roosevelt sat silently on deck in his wheelchair while he waited. Then General Watson appeared, and the entourage was off. (General Watson died en route back to the States.)

Aboard the *Catocin*, we watched on radar as the planes rose from Saki airfield, and the ship had rejoined the Mediterranean Fleet when the radio carried the President's report to Congress on the Yalta meeting.

He delivered it as he sat in a wheelchair, reading in a faltering voice, while death looked over his shoulder.

THE EDUCATION OF A JEW

• A FRAGMENT •

By Michael Blankfort

RECENTLY, in an informal reunion of some old friends whom I had not seen for years, the question of the education of our children as Jews came up. In order to make clear a point in my own attitude, I mentioned that I had been attending synagogue services rather frequently in the last few years. I was called on to explain. I replied that I had found in the synagogue, even for the few hours a week, a quiet refuge from worldly stress and with it a spiritual peace.

"But you can get the same thing walking alone in the hills," one of my friends said. I told him that I had tried that but it hadn't worked. And what was more important, the peace and refreshment of spirit which I had experienced in the synagogue became meaningful because it was shared with others, with Jews, and in a place of worship.

"But is it possible that you believe in God?" another skeptical friend inquired.

The question was overlaid with many tones. I could almost hear the

echoes of the past two decades, the voices of a generation rising in rebellion against the restrictions and hypocrisies of organized religion, against the values of a society in which we had observed and experienced corruption, decay and impotence; and finally, our voices rising in defense of another system of values which would, we thought, renew life and bring justice to the oppressed. This system was Marxism, the new materialism, which denounced God in its struggle to supplant the old materialism which had made a mockery of Him.

"Yes, I believe in God," I said slowly, for as I spoke the words I realized that there were even more complex echoes and overtones in the reply than in the question. So simple the answer; so complicated the reasoning.

Some of my old friends understood and revealed their own renewed interest in these matters; but some were frankly critical of what they considered "a withdrawal into mysticism." Now it is not my in-

tention to do a poll on the attitudes toward God of middle-aged Jewish intellectuals, since at best one's views on these matters are one's own business. But I could not help inquiring of myself: Wherefrom and whereto this Hegira? What peace did you seek that you think you have now found? What values in life did you search for which now seem revealed to you in positive and affirmative Judaism?

TO START somewhere near the beginning: I was brought up in the Orthodox Jewish home of American-born parents. I was given the conventional Jewish education — that is, I was sent to *cheder* (private Hebrew school) three hours in the afternoon, five days a week for six years, up to the time I was about fourteen. During that time I learned how to read prayer book and Torah Hebrew, chanted without the vowel signs, and with a speed and accuracy which were miracles of learning by rote. I understood, however, no more than one one-thousandth of what I read. Of course I attended *shul* regularly on the Sabbath and holidays, prayed three times a day, said all the blessings, wore the fringed undergarment, put on the *twillim* (phylacteries) after my *bar mitzvah*; and outside the home as well as within, I kept the dietary laws.

During my formative years, I felt that I was beset, or more accurately, harassed, by "God's ordinances." I was the object of His scrutiny, the

victim of His power. I was in dread of His punishment for my sins. I feared Him mightily. Like hundreds of thousands of others before, and *at* that time, I was the living confirmation of Maimonides' observation that by the constant repetition of the "acts of service to God, such as the reading of the Law, prayer and the performance of other commandments . . . men fear God and are in terror and awe of Him . . ."

But I did not know, for reasons too complex to describe now, enough Jewish philosophy, if any, or even enough Biblical history to understand or sustain this step in the religious education of a Jew. To be blunt, I was an Orthodox illiterate. Even those sermons of my Rabbi which, as I look back, were often filled with exhortations to an ethical life and God's love, could not compare in impact with those in which he scolded me vigorously for lapses in the observance of the ordinances.

A victim of terror not only fears his oppressor, but also hates him. I could not ever, of course, bring myself to admit into consciousness a feeling of hatred for God, for that would have been tantamount to self-destruction. But He was clearly not a God of love.

"*Derech eretz*" (that wonderful Hebrew phrase which in a fairly literal translation means "respect for the land" but which has come to mean respect for the opinions and feelings of others), constrained me to continue with the observances of

the Jewish laws long after they had lost meaning for me, long after I had even lost the consciousness of the fear of God and had even lost belief in His existence. But the configuration of values which had been formed within me remained. I had begun a search, though I wasn't aware of it then, for a philosophic understanding of man and his world.

IN MY TWENTIES, I became a student and teacher of psychology. I was a "scientist," so to speak. My views and values were a compound of behaviorism, pragmatism, Freudianism. Man, I thought, was finite. Given time to experiment, the farthest horizon of human behavior could be reached. Man's soul was merely a higher and more complex system of responses. Change the environment and you change all. Study white mice, conditioned reflex, the learning curve, the establishment of a Gestalt — and all is understood. Man had become a machine.

One could even account for God under the aegis of this new discipline. He was the remaining appendage of early folk-mysteries; He had been the creation of a need to understand the universe before Science had come into its own. But whatever the theory, and there were many, it was obvious that the conception of God was one of man's inferior thoughts.

In each generation of intellectuals, there is a small leading group, the sensitive front-runners, the aristocracy of creative depth and com-

municability, the pioneers. They set the values; they establish fashions in ideas which are usually vulgarizations of the values. Sometimes these front-runners also make a lasting contribution to our total experience by instinctively giving a renewed emphasis to some eternal verity which may, at the time, have been forgotten or ignored. This residue of intellectual foment is for the succeeding generation to build upon.

In those days of "science," the fashion was to denigrate man's need for God. For me, in those days of the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, God was superstition and Judaism was a backward religion. It did not take long, as the Depression deepened, to add that all religion was "the opiate of the people." Marxism had taken the central place in the arena of values in which many of my generation were to become either the victors or the victims. We were living through the break-up of a world, even of the old "science" to which (as we would do with the Marxism which took its place) we had given lip-service and followed its "ordinances" without really understanding them. Breadlines replaced behaviorism in our concerns.

THE disruption of the world of capitalism meant poverty to millions, but to many intellectuals it meant a kind of riches. I do not mean this in derogation. On the contrary, the break-up of the world released an enormous creative en-

ergy that had lain dormant through the cynical years of the "lost generation" and the "scientific" years of those who were too young for World War I and therefore had not been entirely "lost." A new spirit entered minds which had been deprived of their older spirit or spirituality. The materialism of Marxism seemed not only the necessary reflection of changing times, but also the inevitable outgrowth of the masters who had so valiantly taught us how to criticize Babbitt, Main Street and the Booboisie.

Further, Marxism preached universalism to those who were looking for a way out of the evils of nationalism; it claimed for itself humanitarianism in action; and to those like myself who had devoured the histories of World War I and had learned to hate imperialism, it proclaimed the final answer to war. To the idealist, to the pseudo-realist, to the ever-rebellious young among us, Marxism as a *Weltanschauung* seemed the way to win social justice and the end of the exploitation of man by man.

All these Biblical aspirations for which we had prayed in our youth and dreamed about in the vast hours of young manhood could be achieved in our lifetime, we thought, if only the *status quo*, the Authority, (the feared God-figure, if you wish) were overthrown. Naturally, we did not like the idea that human blood might have to be shed in the course of this action. We regretted it after

we accepted the major premises as much as we regretted the pain and blood entailed in childbirth. But hadn't human blood always been spilled in a long history of bad wars?

Again, the fashion of the intellectual front-runners took hold and colored our thinking. It held sway for almost two decades. The fashion and the values were these: If the ends are good, it doesn't matter that the means toward them could entail hurt to others, even the innocent; in the scale of values only those which further the security of a single political State are worthy, and all others are ignoble, inhuman and depraved; man's character and dignity are totally dependent on the economic environment in which he lives; finally (and most debased), truth is absolute and derives its authority from whoever is the current spokesman of a political party and its special readings and interpretation of Marx.

THE literature of disillusion with Communist Marxism is too well known to embroider. But what has perhaps not been stated as often is that such disillusion is not a new experience for the pioneering intellectuals, the people of deep feeling and good will, and the creative workers. Out of such experiences arose many movements which in their time were advances toward a freer life, such as the Reformation, capitalism, even the early socialism. Reaction against absolutism almost invariably leads to

an enrichment of the mind. One then doesn't have to fear that in the long view of history, the bitter turning away from such a dream of social justice as was cast in Marxist terms over the minds of a generation must inevitably lead to black, inactive despair and anti-intellectualism. Nor, it seems to me, must it lead to a reaction-absolutism, political or theological, despite current but transitory symptoms of that trend.

Disillusion had, I think, a progressive impact on me. During the period in which I had accepted the value of Marxism, I remained nevertheless as skeptical of accepting the total faith of a political philosophy which spoke in its name, as I had been of religious philosophies. It seems to me now that even during those years I had never entirely lost what was pervasive and lasting in my Jewish experience. There were strains of remembrance even with this Orthodox illiterate whose childhood was immersed in prayers ("How can God's judgment on our sins be averted? By Penitence, Prayer and Charity," and a charity which meant Justice). The borders of my consciousness were marked by the weekly repetition of the Pirke A'both ("The Ethics of the Fathers"), the gentle homilies of my grandfather at the Sabbath table, each an anecdote of Talmud, of charity and genuine saintliness. There was more to it than sentiment; there had been deep and unconscious learning which had ingrained a yearning for a charity

which was justice, and a justice which did not demand blood sacrifices and the acceptance of an absolutism in order to pursue it.

A DEAR FRIEND of those years of the melting away of an illusion was a noble Jew, the late Rabbi Milton Steinberg. He made the point clearly when he said that Judaism must reject Communism because Communism is ready to sacrifice mercy to attain its ends. "For this is an integral part of the Communist program, that compassion must be suspended for a time . . ." And to those who claimed that compassion would be reinstated when the classless society was achieved, he replied: "Judaism says of all such counsels that they overlook the crucial fact about man; that man is always pitiable, even man the capitalist, the Trotskyite, the kulak. Therefore there is not a time or occasion on which we are free not to pity him."

This element and the re-examination and rejection of the Marxist values mentioned earlier led me to withdraw my sympathies from Communism, political and philosophic. Of course, one does not sit down coldly and make an analysis and come to conclusions. The dynamic events of the world intensify and clarify such decisions. For me, too, the break was broadened by an approach to Judaism and the Jewish people to which nowadays even Sunday school seniors are exposed. I began to read the secular histories of

my people. From the histories, I moved to the philosophers, the poets, the statesmen, the prophets, the commentators on the Bible, the Talmudists — all in a language I could understand. Slowly, terribly late, I began to shed the old illiteracy. And in becoming an informed Jew, I found that so interwoven are the semi-secular writings with our religious writings that any conscientious study of the meaning of the former must lead to some kind of attraction, if not affection, for the latter.

THE WAY BACK to the synagogue can be taken by many roads, and there are many kinds of synagogues and many things to find in each. It is no great wisdom to perceive that God is not the property of the Orthodox, nor the property of the Jews. (And I love the Jewish thinkers and scholars for saying this so clearly). Once I was certain as to who God was and what He did. Now, I am not certain that I even understand what I mean when I say that I believe in Him. But one thing I know: He is no longer a God of fear.

It was with quite understandable joy that after having found this out for myself, I discovered in Maimonides that the purpose of the Biblical laws is to lead to the fear of God, and of the Biblical truths to

arouse love of Him. This love, as Maimonides suggests, depends on a knowledge of God and later becomes the decisive factor in man's relation to Him. (And, I would add, to man himself).

We who followed other gods, even with all our good intentions, lost the simple knowledge of Micah: "To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." It is particularly apt for our times to note that the commentary on this specific passage in the Chumesh as edited by Rabbi Hertz points out that the Hebrew for the phrase, "to do justly," literally translated means "to execute justice," implying reverence for the personality of every human being as the possessor, by virtue of his humanity, of inalienable rights to life, honor, and the fruit of his toil.

In the communion of Judaism, the identification with my people, my active affection for the Land of Israel, my faltering efforts to live by the precepts of the prophets, I have found a peace of the spirit. They have combined in a set of values which do not have all the answers and perhaps are yet only barely perceptible to me. It is a way of life and understanding by which, as a human being, an American, a Jew and a writer, I can view with more meaning the world around me and the world within.

» God could not be everywhere, and therefore He made mothers.
— *Jewish saying*

Down to Earth ~

By ALAN DEVOE

TO NATURALISTS
Tand outdoors-
men, the world of

Midsummer Death

nature appears a friendly sort of place. One of the oldest representations of this spreading earth-brown and leaf-green campagna in which we find ourselves set down — a symbolism used not only in the Christian account of our situation, but in innumerable other ancient and traditional accounts, put into spontaneous song or creation-legend in the morning of the world — describes this created earth as a Garden. In this flowering and fruitful place, the old tale has it, a man may be very happy to find himself alive. If he keeps his devotions the right devotions, and stays creature-spirited as he ought, he may live out a long span of years in a serene joy. This is a good place, with its blue sky over it and its life-fostering sun shining down, the winds and the waters and all the creatures caught together in an inexpressible mechanics of felicity. This is "well set, well watered, musick'd with God." This is a Garden where we are.

It is an old vision, the oldest in the world. Many naturalists have gone rapt in it. It is a sustaining vision, evidently. John Muir prowled his beloved Garden in a piety of enjoyment until he was seventy-six,

Burroughs to the age of eighty-four, Thompson Seton to

eighty-six, Charles G. D. Roberts to ninety, Fabre to ninety-two. These earth-devoted longevities have not been exceptional. Compute the average life-span of the first twenty absorbed naturalists to come to mind, and it is likely to turn out (even with the inclusion of the sad, exceptional case of Henry David Thoreau, dead at forty-five, to pull the average down) to run to a figure past eighty. To see the world as something of a Garden, and to live out a life in something of the spirit of relaxed enchantment that even the least responsive of us feel in our own twilit gardens on a summer evening . . . well, that makes the world in fact a garden, and ourselves likely a sturdy crop in it. Waterton was still climbing trees at eighty-three, infatuatedly pleased as a small boy in an orchard. Buffon was poring over his species-classifications at eighty, William J. Long hip-booting it along the Upper Mirmichi at eighty-five, Ernest Ingersoll starting a new book at ninety. As this is written, one of the most deeply Garden-visioned men of them all — the spellbound botanist whose books *The Holy Earth* and *The Outlook to Nature* were written more than a

generation ago — is examining with undiminished delight and undiminished reverence the green Garden of our world. Dr. Liberty Hyde Bailey is ninety-five years old.

THOUGH naturalists have so generally found this earth a good place, a garden, and have often been sustained into happy old ages by the tranquillity that is central in that vision, no naturalist worth mention has ever been under the sentimental illusion that this is a garden without thorns. In a nature-vision that is wise and deep, thorns may be seen to have their place in the flourishing of the whole biota, and so they may be contemplated with equanimity and may even (as by a scientist-mystic like Muir) be hailed and celebrated. But they are never, by any naturalist, however garden-daft, denied.

It is a very, very beautiful garden, this earth. It is also a stern place, sometimes a ferocious place, always a place where there are challenges. Nature, as an honest naturalist sees it, may perfectly well be thought of as Love externalized and outflung, or as Wisdom creating. But to speak of Love and Wisdom is not at all to speak of insipidity, or to think of nature all pale-pastel and permissive. There is place, in Love and Wisdom, for rigor. It is not the disposition of Nature, any naturalist must conclude, to coddle ignorance or encourage biological failure, as in a mere weak-minded simper of Love-

at-all-costs. It is a good, sound, sunny Garden, this, as a naturalist sees it; but a part of its total flourishing resides in the iron unalterableness of the fact (for instance) that a man who steps on an East Indian cobra may die of neurotoxic poisoning within three minutes, or the fact (for instance) that a man who eats the round black berries of *Solanum nigrum*, black nightshade, may not report back to camp for supper. We can be consumingly happy in this garden. But it is required of us, in picnicking here, to go with some wariness and wit.

There are more than two thousand species of snakes gliding around this green earth. Rather less than one species in ten has any venomousness. Facing these facts about the world, it is obvious that we have succumbed to a neurotic nonsense, and falsified the Garden, if we pick our steps with gingerly panic every time we go for a walk; or fly into hysterical alarm every time we see a reptilian brother of ours crawling amiably across the sunlit path. It is equally obvious that we have succumbed to an extinction-inviting carelessness, and falsified the Garden another way, if we don't trouble to learn which few species *are* venomous and in what ways we may intelligently co-inhabit the woods and fields with these formidably armed ones.

AS WITH snakes, so with insects, with mammals, with plants, with all the creaturely beings into

whose populace we are to be integrated. It is foolish to say there are no dangers here, no threats and challenges. The dynamics of life consist in challenge and response. We need not be so Sierra-eyed and exalted a nature-worshiper as old John Muir, with fir-cones in our beard, to be glad of them. It is foolish to imagine, in a crisis of nerves, that they press upon us in legions of menace.

Within ten miles of almost any of our cities, there are to be discovered growing, any midsummer day, dozens and scores of species of edible mushrooms. They constitute an immense wild supply of the natural food of this abundantly provisioned garden. (How well provisioned it is, we may scarcely reflect. Who of us eats partridge-berry? Or shadbush? Or wild lupine seeds? Or drinks black alder tea? The garden of earth teems with thousands of unharvested wild crops.) Among all these, some varieties are inedible and some mildly to violently poisonous. Two, in particular, have almost a kind of dreadful beauty in their lethality. They are amanitas: *amanita muscaria*, the fly amanita, and *amanita phalloides*, the Destroying Angel. It was a *muscaria*, probably, that killed the Czar Alexis of Russia. With the Destroying Angel, it continues to kill a certain number of us every year between spring and fall.

Only to a man who has lost the soundness of his nature-vision can it seem that these deadly amanitas

poison the garden of the world. They are not that numerous, or difficult to identify. Undismayed, holding fast to the commonsense that sees earth whole and is not panicked by a particular, we may like to go out one of these summer days and have a look at them. They are lovely and awful.

THE Destroying Angel is a delicately white mushroom, its cap three to six inches across, the dead-white tint of it sometimes shading into slightly tawny or an almost imperceptible green. Its rather thick stem, densely fleshy when the mushroom is young, becoming hollow as it ages, arises from a bulbous base encased in a cup. Its stem is ringed by a collar. White-gilled, white-spored, the Destroying Angel rises from its death-cup base to a height of perhaps six inches or so at maturity. To come upon it growing in the dark leaf-mold of the summer woods — death-white, death-still — is to behold a very “fairy-tale” mushroom. The charm is deadly charm. What this sculptured white growth contains is a toxalbumin known to chemical science as phallin. It is the grisly power of phallin to act directly on the blood, dissolving its corpuscles. A Destroying Angel destroys almost certainly, with the more perfect effectiveness because symptoms are seldom felt until long after the mushroom has been eaten and long after its poison can easily be combatted.

We may likeliest find our Destroying Angel, for a cool contemplation of this lovely and abominable thing, in a forest or at least a grove; but it is possible we may come upon it at a pasture edge by an old stone wall or in an open field. (There is a persistent misinformation that all open-land mushrooms are harmless. This is as untrustworthy as the rest of the casual myths that keep the death-toll up: the notion about putting a silver spoon in the mushroom-pot, for instance, and watching to see if it blackens. *Amanita phalloides* may stray into a sunlit pasture, right among the meadow mushrooms.

The phallin in one Destroying Angel can kill a company of men. Just a roughly reckless handling of the raw fungus, just breathing a cloud of its dislodged spores, can cause illness.

THIS white amanita named for its look of a phallus is not a conspicuous plant. Fly amanita, the *muscaria*, is gaudier, a fungus of such extravagantly striking appearance that we can scarcely miss it even on our most casual excursion to have a look at these instruments of death. (We may mistake it, though. It may grow in the woods, almost side by side with Caesar's mushroom, an orange amanita that makes good eating. To an absent-minded inspector, they look much alike. It is not until about three hours after eating *muscaria* that

there begin to be symptoms of deadly sickness.) The six-inch cap of a fly amanita ranges in color from bright golden to deep orange, and upon this ground-color are patterned lighter or white scales. Fly amanita is a gay, bright, festive growth, on its white or yellowish stem with its ring and cup. We may find it, like *phalloides*, in a wooded place or in the open, and anyone must judge it sprightly and attractive. What we take into us, if we eat it, is muscarine. That is a crystalline alkaloid. It paralyzes nerves controlling heart action. In tiny doses, it induces a kind of paralytic drunkenness. In larger doses, it kills nearly surely. Nature is not alone stern, but subtle. Muscarine has no taste.

The cap of a fly amanita, we may remark as we contemplate this brightly-mottled vegetation and reflect upon the sometimes enigmatic conditions of this garden, is sticky. If we like to peer closely at it, we may see signs of the working of its glairy dew and may understand why this mushroom bears the name it does. Its odor is powerfully attractive to flies. They are continually lighting on the sticky cap, tasting, sipping. If we peer closely at the earth around our *muscaria* — thrusting up so bright and appetizing from the grass or loam — we may discern a little pile or drift of the insects that have been successfully lured, have dined briefly, and now lie dead.

SORMENTI

PORTRAIT OF A SOVIET KILLER

By *Guenther Reinhardt and Karl Hess*



IN Trieste, a stocky man in a leather jacket walked toward the center of a laboring-class neighborhood. There, a small crowd gathered around him. The man began a harangue on a subject for which he has become familiar in Trieste: peace — peace on Soviet terms, in a Soviet world.

As he spoke, his right hand, thrust forward in gestures to punctuate his fluent Italian, showed its thumb to be missing. When the harangue was over, the man in the leather jacket walked back to his office in the headquarters of an open Communist front devoted to “peace.”

Few of the people who heard him talk knew much more than that the man's name was supposed to be Vittorio Vidali. Some old, tried Communists might know more. They might know that Comrade Vidali, the man actually in charge of all Communist activity in Trieste, had been known as Carlos Contreras when he led a terror squad of the Soviet secret police in Spain. Others

might even recall that he had been born Enea Sormenti, just a few miles from Trieste.

A frightened few might recognize him fully for what he is and has been — one of the most deadly killers to prowl the world in the service of the Soviet.

But even the Comrades who know him might have pushed from their minds the fantastic statistics that Enea Sormenti has written in blood around the world:

Since he went to work for the secret police, in the 1920's, Sormenti has been responsible for upwards of 225 cold-blooded killings!

INTELLIGENCE agents have been trying to answer questions about Sormenti for thirty years. Here is everything that official files and persons who have been associated with Sormenti can tell at this time, within the limits of security.

Before 1923, when he first came to America, Sormenti was a member of the Italian Communist Party.

Recklessly, Sormenti urged party members on to acts of sabotage and terror that brought the police down on the party like a ton of bricks. Palmiro Togliatti, who is today the nominal head of the Communists in Italy, had Sormenti expelled from the party; and even today, despite a Moscow-ordered reinstatement, he remains a bitter personal enemy of the Kremlin's master murderer.

After his expulsion from the Italian Communist Party, Sormenti was far from finished in the international Soviet conspiracy. He was just beginning. His reputation as a strong-arm was just being formed.

The next stop was America. After settling into the party organization in New York, Sormenti was made secretary of the Italian Federation of the Communist Party. On January 25, 1926, he achieved a private reputation for violence by a hitherto undetailed role in the textile workers strike in Passaic, New Jersey.

This Passaic strike began at the Botany Mills but spread to other mills until some 17,000 workers had hit the bricks. The strike was a Communist maneuver of dissension. Its issues were kept unclear and insoluble for a year. The man who whipped the strikers (some seventy per cent of them foreign-born) into line before and during the long-drawn distress of the strike was Enea Sormenti.

Sormenti's next assignment took him into the fur- and leather-working unions in Manhattan, unions

which have been bedeviled by Communist domination since their founding. By the time Sormenti had finished paying night-time calls upon union leaders who opposed Communist efforts, bloody beatings had become commonplace in fur and leather activities.

In 1928, because of his flagrant reign of terror, Sormenti was ordered deported. Although the case drew little public notice, it gave evidence of the importance of Sormenti in that the lawyer hired by the Communists to defend this obscure man was Clarence Darrow.

SORMENTI lost the deportation case and turned up in Mexico City, armed with substantial Communist Party power. Throughout 1928 and 1929, he kept popping in and out of the secret councils of the Mexican party. In stern but grandiloquent lectures in a secret annex of the party's headquarters, Sormenti inflamed the imagination of young, would-be revolutionaries. By the end of a year, Sormenti was in complete control of the Mexican Communist youth movement.

There was no doubt, even then, that Sormenti's place in the Communist hierarchy derived directly from the Kremlin. He was, among other things, the man who selected all of the Mexican delegates to meetings of the Communist International.

In March, 1929, Sormenti made his first really big move in Mexico. Through careful, behind-the-scenes

agitation Sormenti pulled the lanyard on the abortive revolution of Generals Aguirre and Escobar against the Portes Gil government.

A statement by an ex-Communist official, not released in this country until now, explains that Sormenti rigged the revolt "to curry favor with his superiors in Moscow and to get bigger funds from them . . . he was completely unmindful of the weal of the Mexican Communists."

The result of the brief revolutionary blood bath was the immediate suppression of the Communist Party in Mexico.

While all of this was going on, one of the titular heads of the Mexican Communist Party, the man who in fact had founded it, was Julio Antonio Mella. There was no love lost between Mella and the secret power of the party, Sormenti. The reason, however, was not altogether organizational. Perhaps Mella's wife, a voluptuous woman who had once been a model for and mistress of Diego Rivera, was a factor in the strife between the two men. Her name was Tina Modotti.

On the night of January 10, 1929, Sormenti sent Tina to a telegraph office in Mexico City. Her instructions were to phone Mella and tell him to meet her there. Then, as a "precautionary measure," she was to walk ten feet behind him and they were both to head toward the Calle de Abraham Gonzales.

Sormenti also sent some other Comrades to the Calle de Abraham

Gonzales. They carried guns. As Mella's and then Tina's footsteps sounded across the quiet street, the men moved from the shadows, drew their guns, and with the thoroughness of a firing squad shot Mella down. He pitched forward onto the street, leaving his widow and his party to the tough little man named Sormenti.

TINA's fate differed from her late husband's in the matter of longevity only. She broke with the party in 1942. Though her health had been excellent, Tina soon had a "heart attack." She was put into a taxicab and rushed to a hospital. But somehow or other, she died en route.

As Sormenti had boasted, suppression of the Communist Party in Mexico did not hamper him. First, he set up a well-camouflaged headquarters in an apartment on the Avenida Hidalgo. The police promptly raided it. But by skipping in and out of the country, he was able to avoid the hot spells of the anti-Communist surge in Mexico.

On the desolate outskirts of suburban Mixcoac, Sormenti set up a secret training school for Comrades who, like himself, had passed the theoretical phases of revolution and were ready for action. The house was furnished in Spartan fashion and Sormenti often slipped back into rough workingmen's clothes to visit there. Hard wooden benches on which the "students" both sat and slept were the order of the day.

All the techniques from mayhem to murder and from slander to slaughter were taught in Sormenti's school, and there was also actual violence aplenty. One of the early exercises of Sormenti's students was the bombing of the two big anti-Communist newspapers, *Excelsior* and *El Universal*.

When the Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936, Sormenti's assignment was, as usual, death. As "Colonel Carlos Contreras," he held the tremendously important post of political commissar for the Spanish *Quinta Brigada*, the 5th Brigade, a secret-police outfit charged with the responsibility for carrying out purges against dissident Leftists in the anti-Franco forces. Helping him was a hulking, animal-like killer from the Philadelphia waterfront, an ex-taxi-cab driver named George Mink who had earned his spurs as an "enforcer" for the American Communist Party.

One former Communist functionary recalls Sormenti vividly. "I had to see Sormenti to obtain a safe-conduct pass to leave Spain," the ex-Communist remembers. "He was all cold steel."

Just how many men Sormenti killed in Spain is unknown so far. The verified count alone runs to 180.

IN THE SPRING of 1939, Sormenti left Spain and went back to Mexico. He became a speaker for the *Federacion de Ex-Combatientes de la Republica Espanola* (Federation of Former Fighters of the Spanish Re-

public). The Cardenas government had opened Mexico to refugees from Spain. This was a far cry from the former tough attitude toward the Communists. Now they were welcomed, by and large, as heroic fighters for democracy.

The Spanish Civil War general Valentin Gonzales, better known as *El Campesino* (the Peasant) has disclosed recently the first big set of Russian orders delivered to Sormenti after his return to Mexico. The men who brought the orders came straight from Moscow. They turned over to Sormenti a list of 19 names of men to be assassinated. The principal names were those of Leon Trotsky, who had settled in 1937 in a fortified home near Mexico City after breaking with Stalin; and Carlo Tresca, the Italian editor, anarchist, and increasingly vocal anti-Communist, of New York City.

On May 25, 1940 Sormenti's associate, the Mexican Communist David Alfaro Siqueiros — who had been his G.P.U. assistant in Spain — led an unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Trotsky during which one of Trotsky's bodyguards was abducted and later murdered. A second plot succeeded, on August 20th, in killing Trotsky.

Number Two on the list, Carlo Tresca, the anarchist editor, became a target of even higher priority as the Second World War spread. In New York, after Hitler had invaded Russia, the Communists were making a concerted effort to form united

fronts with other organizations. One important objective was the foreign-language press.

Tresca was wise to the ways of the Communists and he was more than familiar with the ways of Sormenti. He had already publicly accused Sormenti of killings in Spain. Now he sensed his own doom. To friends, Tresca confided, "I smell the stench of death; Vidali [Sorrenti's latest alias] is in town."

A few days later, on January 11, 1943, Tresca was shot down just off Fifth Avenue as he left his office.

VERY convincing evidence of Sormenti's role in the Tresca killing came to the authors of this article through an informant who worked for an American intelligence agency inside the Mexican Communist movement during the period of the murder. The matter of the Tresca assassination came up at a meeting of Communist officials in Mexico City in the spring of 1943. Sormenti was present to report on the killing. He had been, it is known, in New Jersey on the night of the assassination. Moreover, Sormenti detailed at this Mexico City meeting his relations with the gunmen who actually had done the job.

In late 1945, Sormenti's work in Mexico seemed to be finished. He had whipped the Mexican organization into a tight and tough one, prepared always to resort to violence. His students had gone south into other Latin American republics and

are largely responsible for the grip the Communists have on countries like Guatemala and Bolivia today.

Before Sormenti left Mexico, Vicente Lombardo Toledano, the Mexican labor leader who fiercely follows the Communist line, tossed a farewell wingding for Sormenti.

Afterwards, Sormenti went to Veracruz and slipped aboard a Soviet freighter headed for Trieste.

During 1952, Enea Sormenti's name flashed through stateside intelligence offices. His appearances in Trieste had ceased suddenly and inexplicably. For long, anxious weeks no one knew where the Kremlin's killer had gone. And then came the unbelievable report: Sormenti had gone to the United States!

Not only the intelligence officers were alarmed. Communists across the United States might have felt a chill of fear. Most of them probably guessed the reason that would bring Sormenti to America: discipline. With the fabric of the party torn by the criminal convictions of top party leaders, the harassing exposés by Congressional committees, and the FBI's increasingly successful penetration of apparatus conspiracies, the party was loose at the seams. It needed tightening.

Now Sormenti is back at his old stand in Trieste. As he goes on haranguing the little knots of people on the city's streets, he sums up perfectly the Soviet idea: death and terror flanked by the trappings, banners, and slogans of peace.

Do You Know That —

- ▶ Four out of five judges in all U. S. federal courts — all of whom hold life-time appointments — are Democrats.
- ▶ British Hong Kong sold 305 million dollars' worth of goods to Communist China in 1952.
- ▶ Open spaces called "weepholes in the spandrels," left in the window frames of the all-glass United Nations building in New York City to permit the windows to "breathe," also permitted rain to damage walls in several parts of the building. Repairs will take six months.
- ▶ The United States Public Health Service estimates present life expectancy at 68 years. This is an increase of 21 years since 1900.
- ▶ More than a million people are reported facing starvation in famine areas in Red China.
- ▶ A police force modeled after the Canadian Royal Northwest Mounted is being organized in Alaska to combat an alarming crime rate in areas outside the big cities.
- ▶ More than two dozen different three-dimensional movie systems have been announced in various stages of development.
- ▶ A housing project for American officials in Bonn, Germany, cost over 16½ million dollars, exclusive of the cost of the land required for it.
- ▶ Wright-Patterson Field, Ohio, received over a thousand reports of flying saucers in 1952.
- ▶ A recent survey claims that from the tender age of 13, American women start outspending the men. Cosmetics are blamed for the early start.
- ▶ There are 277 living holders of the Congressional Medal of Honor, highest decoration awarded by the United States Government.
- ▶ With approximately 2½ million on the federal payroll alone, one out of every ten men or women employed in the U. S. works for his or her local or federal government.
- ▶ Winter floods in England damaged an estimated 150,000 acres of farmland.
- ▶ Domestic airlines in 1952 had the lowest accident rate in the history of commercial aviation.
- ▶ Present State Department security officials report that 2,300 of their employees never were subjected to investigation.

S.E.C.

A Good Idea Gone Wrong

By

LESLIE GOULD

OF ALL the experiments of the New Deal, the one that gave the most promise was the regulation of the securities industry. When the Securities and Exchange Commission — the SEC — came into being, 1929 was still fresh in the public's mind. Then there came the Richard Whitney scandal — the former president of the Stock Exchange being unmasked as a crook practically all of his business life.

The industry needed a house cleaning, a new code for the protection of the investing public, and supervision by some independent agency. It was in a position not unlike that of baseball after the Black Sox scandal.

Public confidence needed to be restored in this, one of the keystones of the American system of private risk-taking. The *system* was all right. Only the leadership had failed.

Initially, the Securities and Exchange Commission, under the leadership of Joseph P. Kennedy, the one-

time Wall Street operator, seemed to be on the road to providing that confidence. Since then under a succession of chairmen — there have been ten in nine years, some good, some not — the SEC has degenerated and become so ineffective that the only answer is to eliminate it and start all over again on a more restricted and realistic basis.

The fault is not so much with the laws, although they contain many "jokers" slipped in by the authors, the team of Tommy Corcoran and Ben Cohen.

The fault is with the administration and in the interpretation of the laws. The Commission has turned into a weak group of bureaucrats, with little or no practical experience in the fields which they must supervise. With possibly one exception, none ever had it so good financially as on their present government pay.

The result is that instead of the Commission running the staff and setting the policy, the staff runs the

Commission. And the staff is loaded with men apparently bent on putting a strait-jacket on the vital securities industry and sneaking over the New Deal program of socializing business.

ASIDE from the Commission's poor record of accomplishments in recent years, a major argument for its elimination — its liquidation — is that this may be the only way to get rid of the socialistic schemers who dominate the staff.

The SEC has reduced its staff by more than 50 per cent, going from 1,678 in 1941 to 770 this year — but the saving for the taxpayers is zero. It is planning to spend more this year than in any year except two. Due to the peculiar working of the Civil Service Commission rules, the SEC reduction in staff results in a higher percentage of incompetent, mediocre workers. The better ones get out, discouraged both by government pay and lack of promotional opportunities, particularly if they happen to believe in the system of private enterprise.

The acid test is: What has the agency done? What has it accomplished?

Has it protected the public?

Has it prevented manipulation?

Has it stopped the stock gyps?

Has it improved the securities business?

Has it put the business on a sounder basis?

Has it carried out the intent of

Congress in its execution of the law?

The answer is "No" — with very little or no qualification.

The Number One concern is the protection of the public. Second to that is creating an atmosphere that makes for a healthy, sound securities industry.

Better protection is afforded the public in one sense, particularly as to the listed markets — the exchanges. But this is due as much to an enlightened industry as to any laws.

In another sense, the public's protection has been lessened by the SEC, through the drying up of trading and the thin markets resulting from overregulation. Because of the elimination of the speculator and other restrictions on trading, the markets are "thin" — that is, a small number of shares can bring wide price fluctuations in so-called active and leading stocks. A two-hundred-share order may cause a price change of as much as a point. Then, it is almost impossible to sell on the floor of the Stock Exchange a large block of stock. This has to be done through so-called off-the-board deals or special offerings. If there ever is any heavy, sudden volume of selling or buying, the market will have difficulty handling it.

IN SPITE of the SEC, hundreds of millions of dollars are lost by investors to stock gyps. In recent years, these swindlers have been operating out of Canada. Some progress is being made in cleaning up this situa-

tion, but the high-pressure “boiler shop” stock-pushers are still operating via the telephone and mails. Every day brings some such solicitation for the dollars of gullible American investors.

Too many of the SEC’s actions are of the “locking the barn after the horse has gone” variety. Too many show leniency where the individual hires the right lawyer with the proper political entree.

The SEC has been particularly lax in the protection of investors in its failure to force disclosure of behind-the-scenes groups trying to grab control of small and medium-sized companies. The SEC has no policy of forcing full disclosure as to the real principals where a group is seeking stock control, or of guaranteeing in such deals the same offer to minority share-owners as to controlling share-owners. Under this policy a little investor may wake up some morning and find himself in partnership with a Serge Rubinstein or an Abner “Longie” Zwillman.

The SEC will permit lawyers or a bank, or both, to act as fronts in deals of this kind, without disclosing the real buyers. This can be a racket. It also is disastrous to a small, one-industry town, where the prospective buyers have plans to junk the company. Such a move was attempted in the small Taylor-Wharton steel company in High Bridge, New Jersey. But publicity upset that deal. The company is still operating and the High Bridge residents still

have not lost their employment.

There have been any number of similar efforts — some successful and some not. But they have failed only when enterprising newspaper reporters have disclosed the real principals and their objectives. The disclosures do not come from the SEC. It affords no protection in such cases to the small, independent, minority share-owners.

ONE of the SEC’s “reforms,” the so-called “insider” reports on stock transactions (purchases and sales by company officers and directors), could be effective but isn’t. First off, the information is generally thirty to forty days late. There is that much of a time lag in reporting.

Then, the honest officers and directors make their reports as required by law, but the ones who need to be watched get away with delays of months and longer in reporting their stock transactions. Nothing happens to them. They probably have lawyers who know someone in the SEC.

Another “innovation” — competitive bidding for new offerings of securities — has been only partially successful. It is open to question whether the good part outweighs the bad. The tendency is to overbid in good times and underbid in poor markets — neither being good. The advantage, if any, is to the company selling new securities. It may get a little more than through a so-called

negotiated deal with bankers, but the investor will pay more.

Under competitive bidding there is no continuing banker-company relationship. This was abused in the 'twenties and early 'thirties. But under the SEC rules on full disclosures in prospectuses covering new security offerings, there is little chance of this today. Also, the SEC has control over the underwriting fees paid to bankers. An investment banker is to a company what a doctor is to an individual. You find a good doctor and stick to him. The same thing applies in the securities business.

BECAUSE of the red tape and the heavy expense involved in registering a new securities issue with the SEC, today more than 40 per cent of such offerings by-pass the agency. This is done through the private placement of large, prime issues with a few large insurance companies. This is fine for the insurance companies and also, to a lesser extent, for the companies financed; but it freezes out the little insurance companies, trust funds, and individual investors. It is not necessary to register an issue if there are less than 25 buyers.

Of the \$8,615,289,000 in new financing for private corporations last year, \$3,598,625,000 was placed privately.

The joker in this is that an unregistered offering, privately placed, can be resold later to any number of investors without SEC registration

and with no regard to their knowledge of investment.

The silly part of the registration is that the same rigid, voluminous, and expensive filing is required of a company with outstanding securities which is already making full periodic reports, as from a new, unknown enterprise. There are plenty of other ways of cheapening, without any loss of safety to investors, the SEC processes; but it might reduce the SEC budget and the boys are not in favor of economy.

Essential to the American private enterprise system is a healthy and active securities market as well as a healthy industry for the marketing of new issues and for the exchange of old issues. Only with fairly active markets has it been possible to finance business expansion and improvement and create new jobs.

A prime purpose of the SEC and its administration of the laws should be to foster such conditions. That may have been the intent of Congress, but the results of SEC administration of the laws have been the opposite. Ownership of stocks and bonds has never been greater, and the number of shares outstanding has never been higher, but trading in securities has dwindled and the business is operating at a level so unprofitable that it is difficult not only to attract new capital but to hold old capital.

THIS may be the intent of the social schemers, tucked away in

the SEC. For if the markets are dried up, then the only source for new capital for business expansion is government — the Socialist and Communist program.

The voters don't go along with this, as proved by last November's election. But contrary to Peter Dooley's comment on the Supreme Court, the SEC apparently hasn't followed the election returns, for there is no visible change in thinking in the agency. There probably won't be without a liquidation.

To give an idea of what has happened to the stock market: At the turn of the century, with 59½ million shares listed on the Stock Exchange, trading in one year amounted to 103½ million shares or 172 per cent of the total listings.

Ten years later the list had doubled and the annual turnover was 127 per cent. In the roaring 'twenties, the listing quadrupled and the ratio of trading to shares listed ran from 60 per cent in 1923 to 132 per cent in 1928.

In the 'thirties, after the SEC came into being, with the number of shares going to 1½ billion — a quarter of a billion greater than at the peak in 1929 — the ratio of trading volume to listings dwindled to 18 per cent.

Currently, with 2 billion shares listed, the trading ratio is running around 11 per cent.

The result is a dangerously thin market that is unable to absorb any sudden volume of buying or selling.

Over-regulation and confiscatory taxes — both the high income rates and the capital gains tax — are killing speculation. Yet speculation — risk-taking — is what has made this country. Canada has no capital gains tax, nor has England, which has gone much farther down the road of state socialism than has the United States.

REGULATION of the securities market is only part of the activities of the SEC. It has carried out in its own, typical way the public-utility holding company "death sentence" law. The SEC has needlessly prolonged this job in order to keep alive one of its once-largest divisions. The same high-handed methods have been followed here as elsewhere. It has become a racket. A case in point was the reorganization of the Associated Gas and Electric Company, on which the SEC allowed to be saddled at the expense of the poor, forgotten bond- and share-owners a horde of New Deal lawyers and other party faithfuls. The fees paid in this and other reorganizations under SEC domination were scandalous.

Then there is the case of the Central States Electric Company. This was the top holding company of the Harrison Williams utility empire. Although solvent, it was kept for years in receivership largely through SEC pressure. The rewards for its too-long receivership were more than 1¼ million dollars in fees to New Deal lawyers and their associates, put in by the SEC.

The SEC also wanted to get Harrison Williams. It forced a change in Central States' trustees nine years ago, putting in two New Deal lawyers, Carl J. Austrian of New York and Robert Butcher of Richmond. The SEC wanted to sue Williams for some past financial deals. Austrian recommended such a suit. The ousted trustees contended that the statute of limitations barred it.

Austrian got the job. In the lower courts he won a judgment of 12 million dollars, plus interest which after adjustments made the sum 17 million dollars. On appeal, the judgment was thrown out.

The sad part of this story is that the higher courts ruled as the ousted trustees had predicted, but they — the share-owners — lost not only the cost of the action but about 32½ million dollars in market values of the portfolios of Central States and two affiliated investment trusts. If the trustees put in by the SEC had done nothing — just sat on their hands — the trusts would have had that much more assets.

In the wind-up of the company — it was converted into a mutual investment trust — the Central States preferred share-owners got 80 per cent of their claims. The 6 per cent preferred share-owners and the common share-owners were wiped out.

IF THE 32½ million dollars hadn't been "lost" by investment changes made by the trustees, the 7 per cent preferred share-owners would have

collected 100 per cent and the 6 per cent preferred would have been paid off. The common would have had 60 million dollars in assets working for them, and any further appreciation in the portfolios would have given them something. A 16 per cent rise in that portfolio would have meant around \$1 a share for the common.

While the share-owners, whom the SEC and its hand-picked trustees were supposedly protecting, did badly, the trustees and their counsel did all right.

In these receiverships, although the trustees may be lawyers, they also must have counsel. Austrian and his law firm put in a bill for \$675,000; George Rosier, as counsel for the trustees, \$325,000; and Butcher, the other trustee, \$250,000.

If the SEC is abolished, law enforcement in the securities field won't break down. Practically every state has its own "blue sky" commission to regulate securities sales within its borders.

The answer may be to set up a smaller bureau, or a department, either in the Justice Department or in the Department of Commerce. A substitute, smaller and more efficient agency could operate on a budget of 3 to 3½ million dollars against present SEC requests for 6 million — its third-highest budget although its staff is less than half what it once was.

The SEC was a good idea in theory, but it hasn't worked too well.

COMMUNISTS

and the

NEW DEAL

PART II

By John T. Flynn

WHY have the Russians made such monkeys out of us? We can't doubt that they have. They got from us the arms with which to drive the Germans out of Russia. We drove the Germans out of France and crushed them in most of Germany. After that the Russians outsmarted us at every turn. They got us to split Germany into four parts. They trapped us into dividing Berlin and establishing American headquarters 200 miles inside the Russian zone. They trapped us in the United Nations, where we cannot make any important decision without Russia's consent. In Asia they let us drive the Japanese out of China and then walked in and took it over — with our consent; and then trapped us in Korea.

We won the war in Asia and the war in Europe against Germany. But we lost it right here in America.

How this happened can now be made quite simple and easy to understand by looking at a Red operation in just one episode. I propose, therefore, to let you sit in and watch

Communist agents here pulling rabbits out of American hats; making fools out of American high officials and turning a magnificent victory by our soldiers into a shameful defeat.

To understand what I am about to describe you must recall certain events in Europe as World War II rushed on to its climax. By September, 1944, Italy was almost cleared of the Nazis. Paris was retaken and northern France and a huge triangle in southern France had been cleared. Belgium was redeemed. And Eisenhower's armies were poised on the Rhine for the invasion of Germany. Hitler's armies were pulling back from their last stand in Russia and Stalin was preparing for the invasion of the Reich from the East. The end of the war was now imminent.

What, then, would happen to Germany? The moment for great decisions had arrived. America now had to have a plan for defeated Germany. We would assume that our leaders would have a plan that would correspond with America's moral code and would represent our

ideas of a just and secure peace. It is reasonable to suppose also that Russia would have a plan and that it would be a plan to fit prostrate Germany into Russia's dream of world-wide conquest for Communism. Under ordinary, normal, human circumstances, Russian officials would prepare the Russian plan and American officials would prepare the American plan for the German surrender and Germany's place in the post-war world. Then a moment would come when Roosevelt and Stalin would sit down to agree on which plan would prevail. This is so obviously the way we would assume this job would be done that it is scarcely worth mentioning, save for the fact that *this is not what was done*.

Stalin's dream was a dream of world conquest. He made no secret of that. Obviously his aim would be to put defeated Germany and as much of Europe as possible under the heel of the Communist world. But how would he do that? Certainly Americans would never agree to that. At best, the problem would result in a bitter and violent disagreement at the very moment of victory. How, then, would Stalin win this argument?

Well, there was one way to do it. That would be for Stalin to write both plans — to write his plan for post-war Germany and also to write Roosevelt's plan for post-war Germany. Then there would be no argument. Such an idea is too fantastic to be considered possible. But

it *was* possible. It was actually done. *Stalin's agents in Moscow drew up the Stalin program for Germany and Stalin's agents in the United States drew up the United States program.* I know this sounds utterly incredible — and so it is; but it is a fact. And you will be able to understand something of the appalling malignance of what we may call Communist revolutionary strategy as distinguished from Communist philosophy, by what I am about to relate.

YOU will recall the various international conferences held as the war neared its end — Teheran, Quebec, Yalta. On September 11, 1944, one of these gaudy circuses was staged amidst imposing pageantry in Quebec. For the moment the glittering spectacle overshadowed events on the battlefields — the Russian armies and the American armies racing for Hitler's Reich in Europe. The eyes of the world were on the plaza overlooking the St. Lawrence, crowded with spectators, great war figures, generals, admirals and their aides, statesmen, arriving by every train. And at the center of the stage those two world-shaking figures — Roosevelt and Churchill, *but not Stalin*. Three hundred rooms were engaged to house this horde, plus the regiment of correspondents. Then when it was all over came the inevitable communiqué. The leaders had met and had entered into great decisions,

we were told. But not a word about the one great and fatal decision they had made. What you will read here is only one incident in a whole series of incidents which will help you to understand why we lost the war we had won — why the victories we achieved, the men who died, the billions we poured out were turned into a vast success for Stalin and an appalling global headache for us which continues to this day.

SECRETARY OF WAR Stimson had visited Europe and returned in July, 1944 to lunch with Roosevelt and advise him that he felt the war was nearing its end and that it was important that plans be made for the occupation of Germany when our armies and those of Stalin would meet in its wreckage. Roosevelt named a Cabinet committee composed of Secretary of War Stimson, Secretary of State Hull, and Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, with Hull as chairman. Soon after this, the committee met in Hull's office, and Stimson and Hull each presented plans prepared in the War and State Departments. Morgenthau also had a plan. That plan literally staggered Stimson and Hull. It was the plan to dismember Germany and render her permanently helpless. The mines were to be flooded and rendered forever useless, the industrial machinery dismantled and either destroyed or removed to victor countries. Ger-

many was to be converted into a country principally "agricultural and pastoral in character."

The plan provided for: (1) The permanent disarming of Germany. (2) The dismemberment of Germany — France to get the Saar region, and Poland to get part of East Prussia, the rest of Prussia to go to Russia. (3) What was left of Germany would be partitioned into two states. (4) The Ruhr would be stripped of all existing industries and so weakened that it could not in the foreseeable future become an industrial area. Those plants not destroyed would be dismantled and shipped to allied nations.

Stimson and Hull were horrified. German industrial facilities, Stimson said, had been used to help feed all Europe. To destroy the mines and the Ruhr would mean to punish all Europe. He said, "I cannot answer for turning such a gift of nature into a dust pile." Hull said "it was an act of blind vengeance." We would be confronted with the task of feeding 70 million helpless people reduced to starvation, for, he pointed out, if we wiped out Germany's means of feeding herself the task would fall to us.

Hull and Stimson went to Roosevelt and protested. Roosevelt seemed to agree. Next day Stimson sent Roosevelt a long letter vigorously presenting his objections. That was on September 9th. On September 11th, Roosevelt went to the great conference at Quebec. He did not

take either Stimson or Hull with him, but he did invite Henry Morgenthau. When Roosevelt returned from Quebec he told neither Stimson nor Hull what he had done there. He had agreed to the so-called Morgenthau Plan to dismember Germany and reduce her to beggary.

YOU recall what was said earlier — that as Russia was preparing her own design for beaten Germany, our leaders were supposed to be preparing our plans. But how did it happen that the plan Roosevelt took to Quebec corresponded precisely with Russia's plan? By what devious means did Stalin's plan become Roosevelt's plan? And how was it that Stalin's plan was adopted by Roosevelt against the vigorous opposition of the two highest-ranking members of Roosevelt's Cabinet? Here are the facts.

The Russian government maintained a network of spies and secret agents all over the world. Washington swarmed with them — almost all of them native Americans. This espionage apparatus was entirely separate from the American Communist Party. There were in this secret apparatus a large number of separate cells. These cells operated independently of one another and in many cases had no knowledge of one another's existence. One was a group headed by Nathan Gregory Silvermaster, known as the Silvermaster cell,

composed of from eight to ten members. Silvermaster was employed in the Agricultural Department and, aside from his espionage activities, was highly useful in placing other Communists in government jobs. Silvermaster's immediate superior was a Russian, Jacob Golos, a high Russian official in America, who directed a number of cells.

In the spring of 1944, just before the events leading up to the Quebec conference already described, Golos gave an order to Elizabeth Bentley, a Communist courier under Golos's authority, to convey to Silvermaster an order to a high American official. This official was Harry Dexter White, and the order was to prepare a plan on Stalin's lines for the surrender of Germany.

HARRY DEXTER WHITE was an economist — a graduate of Stanford — who at that moment was assistant to Henry Morgenthau, the Secretary of the Treasury. He was later elevated to the post of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and as such was a member of what is generally referred to as the Little Cabinet. White, a man of large intelligence, was in fact the Secretary of the Treasury — Morgenthau being a frail reed, little qualified for that high post. White has been identified as a Communist agent by two witnesses under oath — Whitaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley. Chambers begged White to break away, but he refused. White

was not a member of the Party, but he served eagerly and extensively the agents of several cells. On the witness stand, White denied he was a member of the Party — which was true. But he admitted he was a friend of Silvermaster and that he and Lauchlin Currie, a presidential aide, visited Silvermaster's home and played ping-pong in the basement, where, Miss Bentley testified, Silvermaster operated an elaborate photostating and microfilming apparatus. When White testified, the net was drawing tightly around his underground companions, and only four days later he died of a heart attack.

It was Harry Dexter White who prepared the plan for the dismemberment and pastoralization of Germany, which corresponded with Stalin's plan, after receiving a directive to that end relayed to him from Golos by Silvermaster.

We return now to Hull, Stimson, and Morgenthau — the Cabinet committee named by Roosevelt to prepare the American plan. Roosevelt added Harry Hopkins to the committee and on September 2nd, Hopkins called a meeting of the Cabinet aides of Hull, Stimson, and Morgenthau. These were Andrews and Riddleberger for Hull and Stimson, and Harry Dexter White for Morgenthau. There White first revealed the so-called Morgenthau Plan. Germany was to be dismembered — part going permanently to Poland, part to Russia,

and the rest divided into two zones. All industrial machinery which could be removed was to be taken by the victors, including Russia, and the rest was to be demolished and the mines flooded.

Then on September 9th, Morgenthau appeared with this plan in Hull's office, where Hull and Stimson made their protest.

BEFORE this, someone had reached Roosevelt's mind. In August, he had told Justice (later Secretary of State) Byrnes that the "German people should be taught their responsibility for the war and for a long time should have only 'soup for breakfast, soup for lunch and soup for dinner.'" It was, as a matter of fact, because of this that Byrnes refused to accept the post of High Commissioner for Germany.

Without ever seeing his Cabinet committee again, Roosevelt went to Quebec and invited Morgenthau to meet him there, saying nothing to Hull and Stimson — although he had already heard their protests. And there at Quebec, Roosevelt induced Churchill to agree to the Morgenthau Plan. When Roosevelt returned to Washington he said nothing of this to either Hull or Stimson. They did not know the subject had been discussed. Hull knew nothing of it until about ten days later. He asked Roosevelt what had been done at Quebec, and Roosevelt forwarded the documents to him. There Hull saw to his surprise

and horror what had happened. But Hull wondered why Churchill had approved the agreement. Then he saw that at Quebec, Roosevelt had given Churchill the promise of a six-billion-dollar grant for England when the war ended. Morgenthau told Hull that Churchill was furious when the plan was first proposed to him and that when Anthony Eden arrived and heard of it he made a heated protest to Churchill. Morgenthau described how Churchill opposed the Morgenthau Plan while Roosevelt refused any grant of money for Britain. But under Hull's questioning, Morgenthau agreed that Churchill's real reason for being at Quebec was to arrange for these money grants.

How much did Roosevelt realize what he was doing? He certainly took great pains to keep from Hull and Stimson what he was doing at Quebec. When he returned he gave to them no hint of what he had done. And when confronted with the fact by Hull, he declared that "someone had been giving statements to the newspapers which are fundamentally untrue." It is indeed one of the strangest chapters in Roosevelt's strange career. To what extent Roosevelt was himself directly responsible for this shameful agreement, or to what extent those around him in the Treasury knew of his rapidly declining physical condition, it is impossible to say. It seems incredible that a man in full possession of his senses would enter into so

shocking an agreement after collaborating with its sponsors to keep away every possible source of resistance and then, after signing the papers, deny to his own Cabinet ministers that he had made such an agreement.

MORGENTHAU, in his own book, has boasted that his plan did shape the post-war policy in Germany. However, the dark infamy of this barbarous agreement made it impossible of execution in full. Civilized soldiers shrank from the task and, at least, the Ruhr and Saar industries and mines were saved. But in most other respects the plan prevailed. It has been called the Morgenthau Plan. It was the Harry Dexter White Plan. But it was in fact the Stalin Plan — presented by Roosevelt to an angry Churchill and literally forced on him by a grant of six billion dollars of American money.

Why was it possible for Stalin to prepare, through a high-ranking American official, his own plan for Germany to be adopted as the American plan? Because the Communists were and are skilled in the dark art of penetrating their enemies' councils — the very Cabinet of the President — just as they have penetrated our schools, our colleges, our press, our radio, our movies, and every instrument of opinion in America. But even this would not be possible without Communism's greatest ally — the Great American Dupe.

"CONSULTANT TO THE TRADE"

By

ERIC CROSS



UNOBTRUSIVELY, over a period of months, I was being carefully examined, until everyone in the district knew more about me, probably, than I did myself.

What all the points were on which I was being assessed, I don't know. But one or two soon became evident. One related to the fact that I was known as a "scientist" and another was to what degree I could be regarded as "safe."

I found myself being questioned on all manner of things, ranging from the migration of woodcock to the variation in the height of tides. Some of the questions were quite straightforward and the questioner was directly interested in my replies. Some of the questions, however, were not so innocent and the interest in them lay more in the manner of my response than in the actual content of it. But apparently I managed, unconsciously, to scrape through that part of my test.

Next came the practical part of it. I was invited to weddings, wakes, and dances. Discreetly, I was proffered company and drink and con-

versation in such meeting places as fairs and pubs. Now I knew that it was being carefully noted how I responded to the various forms of my testing. My preferences and tastes were being subtly judged and my nature reconstructed from the findings. My attitude towards different aspects of life, most particularly towards forms of authority, was carefully scrutinized.

I imagine that I gained high marks for my preference for a pint of stout rather than a half pint, and for stout itself rather than for any of the "fancy" drinks of the townsman. I scored again too, I imagine, by my tolerant attitude towards presents such as a salmon which had obviously not been caught "according to Walton," and grouse which had fallen to an unlicensed gun.

Slowly and guardedly, I was initiated to the nightly *scorouichts*, or gatherings in farmhouse kitchens, during the early autumn nights.

Finally the moment of trial came. I was offered a drop of "the real thing." Critical eyes watched my reactions and awaited my comments.

But still the scrutiny continued in its tortuous way. I had occasion to call on Johnny Joe Dan one day and when I was leaving him his old father, Joe Dan, offered to walk back "a piece of the road" with me. We discussed, for some time, the weather and the state of the crops. Then Joe Dan stopped in his tracks.

"They tell me," said he, "that you are in the way of being a 'scientist.'"

"I've some sort of knowledge in that way," I agreed.

Joe Dan then gripped the lapels of my jacket, the while he looked me steadily and directly in the eyes.

"Then it might be," said he, "that you'd be able to settle an argument that's been between myself and Dan of the Crossroads for many a year?"

"I'll do the best I can, anyway," I replied.

"Good man. Good man. I knew you would. . . . They told me that you had the power of knowledge . . . and . . . and . . . that you could be trusted. . . . Now, what would be the best? . . . Would it be a block tin or a brass worm?"

I had been settled for long enough in the district by this time to have accumulated my own "bits of knowledge," and I knew that Joe Dan's interest in worms was not from either the agricultural, fishing, or engineering point of view. His interest was in that vital part of the apparatus, the condenser, of which the "worm" is an integral part, used

in the making of "the real thing."

"Oh, there isn't much doubt about that," I replied. "It would be a block tin one."

He relaxed his grip and stood for a moment, digesting the information, repeating "Block tin! Block tin! . . . So I was right all the time and that ould *omadhaun* — God rest his soul — was wrong! 'Tis a great day, young man, and a day that I've waited to see for many a year."

Joe Dan paid me in kind for this, my first consultation. A few days later an unwieldy parcel was handed to me. Nested inside the wrappings of straw and fern lay a bottle. Round it was a piece of paper and scrawled on it, in an old man's writing, was inscribed: "Twelve years old and twelve years in the wood."

IN THE dim lamplight of a public bar, Pat Brosman sidled up to me. The customary gambits of conversation for such occasions were played, and then the point of the meeting was reached. "A man I know was asking me, if I'd happen to meet you, to say that he had some barley which he can't get to sprout and what would be the matter with it and what could he do?"

I asked a few questions, diagnosed the trouble and suggested the remedy. A few days later someone made the tentative suggestion, seeing that I was a stranger and a scientist, that I might be in the way of getting a bit of fresh yeast on my next visit

to the town. My next client, met by seeming accident on the side of the road, after the usual preamble, wanted to know what might be a "cure" for a "wash" which had been left too long and had soured.

So, as quietly and unobtrusively as I had been "vetted," I became entangled, like a fly in a spider's web. One dark night, in the early winter, guided by Johnny Joe, I was led up a mountain track to an old ruined house in which I had often sheltered from a summer shower. For this night's occasion, however, it had been temporarily patched up and made light- and weather-proof. There were two or three others assembled before us.

A fire blazed on the hearth. At the side of it was a barrel into which a new worm had been fitted. This was the condenser for the distillate and it was supplied with fresh, cold running water by means of a pipe from a drain outside, into which a nearby stream had been diverted. The barrels of fermented wort had been assembled from the secret places where they had been brewed. The fermentation had been killed and the yeast skimmed. The kettle, "the still," was connected up to the condenser and luted and the business of the night began. There wasn't much to do, once the operation had started, beyond recharging the "kettle," or still, with the wort; changing the receiving bottles as they were filled; and tending the fire. The long intervals were filled with tea

drinking, talk, and the contemplation of the slow drip, drip, drip of "the gray juice of the barley."

THE talk, like all tradesman's talk, was mainly shop. There was talk about the tricks and dodges of the trade and stories relating to the trade. Joe Dan told, for my amusement, and probably for the twentieth time, the story of the understanding sergeant of police in the old days. Coming to the cottage of a friend of his, long since dead, he sat down by his fireside, "reddened" his pipe, and discussed the local news of the day for a while.

The preambles of polite conversation being concluded, the host turned to his guest.

"And what would it be now, Sergeant, that brings you up in this direction on a day like this?"

"'Tis duty, Pat. 'Tis duty. No matter what a man might think himself, he must do his duty, even if it concerns his best friend."

"That's true for you, Sergeant. A man must do his duty no matter what it might be. . . . Well," Pat continued, "twas ever said that when a man has a painful duty to perform that the least he is entitled to is a little stimulant."

"That could be so and it is a matter which I wouldn't dispute with you," replied the sergeant.

Pat the host then went out and he returned with the bottle from its secret place amidst the drills of potatoes. He produced two glasses

and poured out two generous measures of that stimulant justified by a painful duty. And then he poured out two more . . . and before long the bottle was finished.

The sergeant proceeded to carry out the painful duty of searching his host's house, according to orders. The following morning he was able to report, in good faith, that after the most thorough search he was unable to find sight or smell of any illicit spirit.

THROUGHOUT the long night the talk went on. Good humored, bad humored, critical and constructive talk. The "industry" was surveyed from every angle and every man expressed his views.

"It was a bad day when those who went before us taught the merchants up in Dublin and Belfast the secrets of making it, for them to make fortunes out of it and then behind our backs, to get the government to make a law whereby what was right for them was wrong for us . . . Bad cess to the man who did that!"

"The stuff was made by us and by our forefathers, not for the making of fortunes, but for the need we had of it in our own way of living. It was called, in the old speech, by those who discovered it, 'the water of life' — and that's what it is. It's a thing which restored the life to many a man when he came home from the mountain after sheep or cattle or a fair, soaked to the skin

and shivering with the cold. A draught of the 'real stuff' put the life back into him when a draught of the manufactured stuff would put the death on him with its own weakness!"

"The likes of it is a need to the likes of us and there's no denying it. With the price and the weakness of the commercial stuff a man would have to be a millionaire, and to spend the whole of his day drinking, to get any benefit from it."

"'Tis a quick comfort at the sadness of living, at the likes of wakes and funerals — and 'tis a quick rouser of gaiety for the glad times of living, like weddings and festivities. And what would the twelve days of Christmas be without a drop of it by one in the house, for the making of punch on the cold, frosty nights and the show of hospitality for the callers?"

Through the talk ran the refrain of the drip, drip, drip of the condensing spirit. At last the job of work was ended. The still was broken down again and its several parts distributed to different men's safe and secret keeping until the next occasion. The diverted cooling stream was restored to its course. The fire was quenched. The old house became, to the casual eye, but an old ruin once again. But there was a supply of "the real thing" ready for the misfortunes and festivities of the winter ahead — and for those occasions of painful duty which justify a stimulant.



The Strange Case of **LORD JOWITT**



By NORA DE TOLEDANO

THIS is the story of a trans-Atlantic effort to whitewash a traitor—an abortive effort which made use of a respectable American publishing house and a careless British peer. It is the story of an irresponsible and malicious book, of the murky circumstances which surrounded its writing, and of the reasons for its withdrawal. It is the story of an international hoax.

The story began on May 8, 1953, when hundreds of book reviewers and booksellers throughout the United States received a cryptic telegram from Doubleday and Company announcing that *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss*—publication date May 21—was “postponed,” and requesting the return of all review and advance-order copies—5,000 in all.

This abrupt recall of a book two weeks before its release date was unexplained and unprecedented. Just one week earlier, a news story from England had headlined: “British Book Doubts Hiss Was Guilty.” The literary magazines and the influential weekly book sections of

newspapers had scheduled extensive discussions of the book, carried away by the grandeur of its author, Earl Jowitt, a former Lord Chancellor of England. Through trade publications, Doubleday had announced elaborate plans for advertising and promoting what it called “a penetrating analysis of one of America’s most famous trials by one of England’s most distinguished jurists.”

With no warning at all, this complicated machinery of publicity jolted to a stop against a stone wall of “no comment” from the publisher. By the end of the following week, Doubleday issued an explanation of sorts. Douglas M. Black, president of the firm, declared that “the book was delayed because a serious inadvertent factual error was discovered in it.” Pressed by reporters who had not read the book and had no knowledge of its contents, he added that copy readers were rechecking the entire manuscript for “more glaring errors,” and explained that the known errors were “due to a misinterpretation in the Hiss trial testimony.” It was claimed that one of

Doubleday's checkers had belatedly discovered a contradictory time sequence in the book's discussion of matters treated in *Witness*, the Whittaker Chambers book. The newspapers which published this explanation did not investigate further, and silence once more descended on Doubleday and Company.

BUT Black's "explanation" explained nothing. It did not explain why a publisher should suddenly begin to check a book after it was printed and after thousands of copies had been distributed to bookstores and reviewers. It did not explain why the usual procedure of checking a book in manuscript and at each stage of production was not followed in this case. Black's disingenuous comments did no justice to Doubleday, which had acted honorably, with dispatch, and at considerable financial loss in an unprecedented dilemma.

For the fact was that the errors were not discovered by Doubleday at all. Long before *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss* reached the stores, its existence and the tenor of its argument were known. One eminent Englishman had informed Lord Jowitt that it was a lot of "damned nonsense." There had been published comment in the syndicated column of George Sokolsky and elsewhere — along with rumors of a "fund" raised to recompense Lord Jowitt for his effort. Copies of the British edition, available here in

April, revealed the book long before its scheduled American issue: revealed its shabby special-pleading, its error, its malicious *ad hominem* attacks on Whittaker Chambers.

Clearly, *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss* was no routine author-to-publisher-to-public presentation of one man's view on a controversial matter. This was a carefully devised move in the continuing battle between the United States Government and the forces behind Alger Hiss.

This desperate last effort in a five-year plan to prove Alger Hiss innocent was written by an English barrister and first published in England because in the Hiss case, anti-American sentiment in England had found its vital center. Principally through the *Manchester Guardian's* dispatches on the Hiss case from Alistair Cooke, the *Guardian's* private "Voice of America," all the specious snob appeal of the Hiss viewpoint was played out to the fullest degree, and American "barbarism" and "hysteria" were proven on Hiss's behalf.

But Alger Hiss was convicted and jailed. And having lost every appeal to the American courts, having failed in every legal and psychological trick devised by a brilliant battery of lawyers and high-placed supporters, Alger Hiss achieved a new trial — with a change of venue to England. There was found a former Lord Chancellor, voted out of a job in the 1951 Socialist defeat,

and an Earl to boot, who for reasons best known to himself was willing to exculpate Hiss in a book which would cast doubt on everyone and everything else connected with the Hiss case.

TO PLEAD Alger Hiss's innocence, Lord Jowitt was forced to falsify, misquote and misrepresent the trial record of the Hiss case, the autobiography of Whittaker Chambers and other matters of public record, over 100 times in a 256-page book. To demonstrate that Hiss told the truth, he in effect accused every government witness of perjury, at the same time finding perjury on Mrs. Hiss's part inconsequential. To belittle the underlying significance of the Hiss case, he had gone to the absurd extent of declaring, "It may well be, and I do not pretend to know, that Communists desire the success of Russia and its satellites above that of their own land."

To destroy the verdict against Alger Hiss, Lord Jowitt questioned the integrity of the jury, as well as the workings of the entire American judicial system. He pitted his admittedly uninformed opinion against the considered judgment of Judges Thomas W. Swann, Augustus N. Hand, and Harrie B. Chase of the United States Court of Appeals; and against Justices Vinson, Black, Minton, Douglas, Burton, and Jackson of the Supreme Court, each of whom had *twice* found no merit in Hiss's appeals. To discredit Whittaker

Chambers, he lent himself to petty malice as demonstrable as it was tasteless. And finally, he assailed the FBI charges of collusion and subornation of perjury. What is even more incredible, this attack on the FBI was predicated on yet another "misinterpretation" of trial testimony and was directly counter to the trial evidence.

It is a grave charge to make, particularly against an eminent foreign jurist, that, whether by incompetence or design, he lent himself to wholesale falsification on behalf of an American traitor. But by Jowitt's own conflicting explanations of how he came to write on a controversial subject of which he admittedly knew nothing, his having written the book at all raises questions.

One explanation he offered is that "during the second Hiss trial, someone"—anonymously—sent him "each volume of the trial transcript as it was published." On the face of it, this was untrue. The transcript was not published during the trial. It was printed after the conviction, for purposes of appeal from that conviction, according to routine American judicial procedure. Nor could anyone in England have received this record anonymously through the mails. U. S. Customs regulations provide that packages must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, as well as a description of the contents.

Jowitt also said, moreover, in contradiction of his other accounts, that

the transcript was sent him by Alistair Cooke—which Cooke denies.

Such tortuous and various explanations of the very possession of the avowed source material for *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss* inevitably raised the question of Lord Jowitt's motivation. For had he come to write the book through an ordinary personal interest in the case, would he be so hard-pressed to account for his possession of the trial transcript?

This was not the only mystery which preceded the withdrawal of Jowitt's book by his American publisher. An eminent and exemplary New York attorney caused Whittaker Chambers' book, *Witness*, to be reviewed by Jowitt in the *Record* of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, a journal which had not in living memory printed any other book review. Needless to say, the article was a vicious onslaught against the guilty verdict and against Whittaker Chambers. It is interesting to note parenthetically, that in his book Jowitt claims that this review was commissioned by the American Bar Association, an organization of entirely different stature and orientation, which did no such thing.

AS PUBLICATION day for *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss* approached, great plans were laid. One eminent New York newspaper planned to run two reviews, pro and con, with the favorable review written by

Robert Benjamin, the Hiss appeal attorney, the other by a member of the prosecution staff. A great advertising campaign with its concomitant free publicity was mapped. And in Hissite circles high and low, *Der Tag* was eagerly anticipated by large orders for the book.

The Strange Case of Alger Hiss was published in England on April 30. In the first mail on May 1, the publicity manager of Doubleday received a letter. The writer, said the letter, had read the British edition of the Jowitt book, and having found "over 100 errors" in it, wondered if Doubleday were publishing the same manuscript. The letter pointed out that there were some 30 misquotations from *Witness*, a book which had sold over 280,000 copies; 40-odd misquotations and misrepresentations of trial testimony, and numerous errors in proper names, dates, and the like.

Within a few hours of Doubleday's receipt of this letter, there was a reply sent by messenger, asking that Doubleday be permitted to see a "list of errors as soon as possible," and concluding, "I am very grateful to you for having taken the trouble to write us, and I would be more so for your further co-operation."

Further co-operation was offered on May 4. The writer, though not proposing to submit any "list" of errors, was nevertheless willing to indicate specific typical errors which had been found in the book:

"As you know, one of the main

themes of *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss* is that the documents offered by Whittaker Chambers may be forgeries. Jowitt hopes to support this contention by saying that *according to 'Witness'*, Chambers attempted suicide before turning the documents over in the pre-trial hearing in Baltimore on November 17, 1948.

"But *according to 'Witness'* the suicide attempt therein described took place in December, *after* his resignation from TIME, which was on December 10, about a month *after* the documents had been turned over . . . [it] took place during the period of his testimony before the Federal Grand Jury in New York in December 1948, and is clearly so placed in *Witness*. Pages 767 ff. cover this fully.

"As to the handing over of the documents in November," the letter continued, "*Witness* says: 'More and more there settled upon me like a burden for which I slowly stooped, a sense that the weight of God's purpose laid upon me was that I must not destroy myself.' He made no suicide attempt at that time, a fact upon which *Witness* is unequivocal. See pages 746 ff."

"This misreading of *Witness*," the letter noted, "is put to use by Jowitt seven times . . ." The letter then listed a dozen other errors as typical, and concluded, "I couldn't possibly point out all the errors without doing a kind of running commentary on the book."

MORE OR LESS simultaneously with Doubleday's receipt of this letter, the British reviews of Jowitt's book started to reach America. Rebecca West, in the London *Sunday Times*, caught the distortion of the suicide attempt and dissected Lord Jowitt to deadly effect. D. W. Brogan, in *The Spectator*, flatly stated that it was a "bad" book and that he was tempted to refer to Alger Hiss as Lord Jowitt's client. Colm Brogan in the *Daily Telegraph* declared, "It would be rash, though exhilarating, to challenge a former Lord Chancellor, but it must be said that some of the reasons he advances to support his doubt [of Hiss's guilt] ring a strange and elfin note in the layman's ear." Even Alistair Cooke took a dim view.

Nor was Doubleday prompted in its concern by the British press alone. George E. Sokolsky, whose syndicated column appears in 300-odd papers, wrote on May 6: "I shall point by point, call attention to the factual errors which are unbelievable in a man who has been Lord Chancellor in England, unless I take my politics from Gilbert and Sullivan." Others pointed out further factual and logical deficiencies.

On Friday, May 8, Doubleday recalled *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss*. Five days later the following letter was received from Doubleday's publicity manager: "Belatedly, I should like to thank you for your letter of May 4 concerning *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss*. It

was very kind of you to take the trouble and I can assure you that we are very grateful."

Belatedly, too, the book and the letters were submitted to a well-known liberal lawyer, who advised against publication of the book.

There the mystery, and *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss*, quietly might have been interred together. But this simple withdrawal of a book because of its egregious errors was suddenly transported into another dimension. The London *Times* published a dispatch from its American correspondent which ascribed to Doubleday an utterly false and partisan political "explanation." It said that "circles close to" Doubleday "freely conceded" that "they acted under pressure exerted by the long arm of Senator McCarthy and his colleagues," and that McCarthy had "let it be known" that he was waiting for the book "with an axe" — purportedly a direct quote from the Senator. This mythical "explanation" elaborated: "The kind of pressure which can be exerted in the prevailing atmosphere has been sufficient to postpone publication from May 21 to an indefinite date . . ."

AND ON May 17, via the New York *Daily Worker*, the Communist Party for the first time took up the open defense of Alger Hiss — based on Lord Jowitt's book. Throughout almost five years of Congressional investigations, grand jury hearings, two trials and numer-

ous appeals, the Communist Party, U.S.A., had confined itself to attacks on Whittaker Chambers, never, except obliquely, defending Hiss. On the basis of this most peculiar book, it launched an open, all-out defense of its most deeply hidden and fiercely ignored agent.

By this unmasking, the significance of the Jowitt book became doubly clear. The great Communist conspiracy of which the Hiss case is merely one manifestation, had counted on the book as a booby trap. When it failed to spring, the concealment was ended.

This is not to say that Lord Jowitt is a Communist. He is the epitome of the political dupe: the ideological deficient who, through manipulation, can be brought to do the Communist Party's business. The clue to his participation in this hoax against both British and American decency was perhaps contained in his preface. For some curious reason he found it necessary to protest: "I have not been requested — still less commissioned — to write this book. . . ."

Jowitt's protestations notwithstanding, questions remain: Why did an unemployed Socialist peer embark on so devious a project? What persons on this side of the Atlantic were so anxious to sustain Hiss that they were willing to do so at any peril to this nation and its system of law? What other purpose beyond the vindication of Hiss was *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss* intended to serve?

BY JOSEPH F. DRURY, JR.

THE SCHUMAN PLAN



American Style



ON May 11th, the Lilli Ann Corporation in San Francisco opened the nation's largest plant for making high-fashion coats and suits. Although the keynote of the gala event was a star-spangled salute to American industry, the busy looms of some 2,400 French, Italian, and Swiss textile craftsmen sang a significant counterpoint.

Originator of what one observer calls "The Schuman Plan — American Style" is Lilli Ann president Adolph Schuman. From a tiny shop in San Francisco's Chinatown, kept alive by his purses from weekly boxing matches, this tall, dynamic Californian built a company that did a \$7,000,000 business last year and appears headed for eight figures in 1953. In a seasonal trade where the average employee works about 30 weeks each year, the 800 men and women on Lilli Ann's pay roll are busy and happy 42 weeks. And the European workers who tried and proved his bold formula for "trade, not aid" have "never had it so good."

Schuman's remarkable success in a

business that has been in a slump since V-J Day is based upon a simple application of the precept, "Find a need and fill it."

In this case, the need was for volume production of the elegant textiles woven in the European provinces and sold at premium prices to the continent's most exclusive couturiers. To American women with limited budgets these luxury fabrics represented the unattainable "golden fleece." So Schuman launched a one-man mission to bring the gospel of American methods into Europe's marketplaces.

It was not an easy sales job. Tradition-bound textilers shuddered at the American's bold realism. "You now make only one piece of this material," he pointed out, "enough for a mere 20 suits. And you sell it to the middlemen who pass it on to Dior or Fath for — say — \$27 a yard. Then you strip your looms and start a new fabric. You are harvesting only first fruits — and wasting a potential orchard."

The actual situation was even worse than that. Hundreds of fine

artisans, discouraged by the lack of continuous employment, were actually forsaking their looms for less creative but steadier occupations.

IT WAS not so much persuasive speech as pure arithmetic that finally led the Europeans to try Schuman's proposal. He urged each mill operator in the various provinces to set his looms for just one of the fabrics that had made him famous. He told them to keep weaving those same fabrics — not for as long as it took to turn out one piece, but through piece after piece until the American demand was filled. And then Schuman handed them pencils and suggested they multiply his bid of \$7 per yard — not by yards but by *miles*!

While die-hard traditionalists beat their breasts at the seeming sacrilege of Schuman's plan, the more practical held their heads at the magnitude of his figures. It was soon evident that the same men and even the same machines *plus* American mass production methods could put the struggling European mills back on solid economic ground. This, truly, was "trade, not aid." This was *commerce*, not charity.

The Californian with a dream and the stuff to make it materialize next took his plan to George Bell, commercial attaché at the American Embassy in Paris. Together, they worked out a four-point agreement assuring: (1) that merchandise to be imported must not be obtainable

in the U. S. or competitive with American fabrics; (2) that each fabric must be a specialty of the region from which it came and in keeping with the traditions of that province's master craftsmen; (3) that each fabric must be the finest of its type; and (4) that by using American methods but not necessarily American machinery, each fabric must be made available at the same price — by the yard or in made-up garments — both in this country and in Europe. Under Point 4 of the plan, European consumers are able to enjoy the benefits of American enterprise.

In its first full year of operation, the Adolph Schuman plan was something to quicken the blood of the most cautious investor. It resulted in the importation of more than a million dollars' worth of fine fabrics, providing continuous employment for 2,400 textile workers in France, Italy, and Switzerland. It added three million dollars' volume to Lilli Ann's business, providing steady work for many more Americans. And on the non-statistical side, it sparked a build-up of confidence in the integrity of the American manufacturer and consumer, and stimulated an interest in fine fabrics, not only in this country, but in Canada and South America, where Lilli Ann also has wide distribution.

THE name of Adolph Schuman was anything but obscure in the nation's garment trade when he

hitched his Lilli Ann Corporation to the scintillating shuttles of Europe. Four years ago, he chartered airplanes and flew 80 San Francisco apparel manufacturers and fashion experts to Paris, where they staged an extravaganza style show under government sponsorship.

His associates will tell you that this colorful ex-boxer who lunches on raw hamburgers, raises orchids, owns two Ferrari racing cars, and swims eight laps every morning in his private pool, is a man who "believes in methods rather than in machines." Foremost among his methods is the conscientious way in which he handles people. Before the opening of his new plant, Schuman threw a party, complete with style show, for his 800 employees, just as he does for them twice each year. Even if you're the country's biggest retailer of Lilli Ann products, you can't crash these parties. But if you're one of the company's janitors or charwomen, and can't get transportation, Schuman will send a car to pick you up. He wants the seamstress who might do nothing but make buttonholes, as well as the guy who sweeps the floors, to see and take pride in the "finished line" and meet the people who sell it.

During their comparatively short "off" season, Schuman's employees can borrow up to \$500 from their

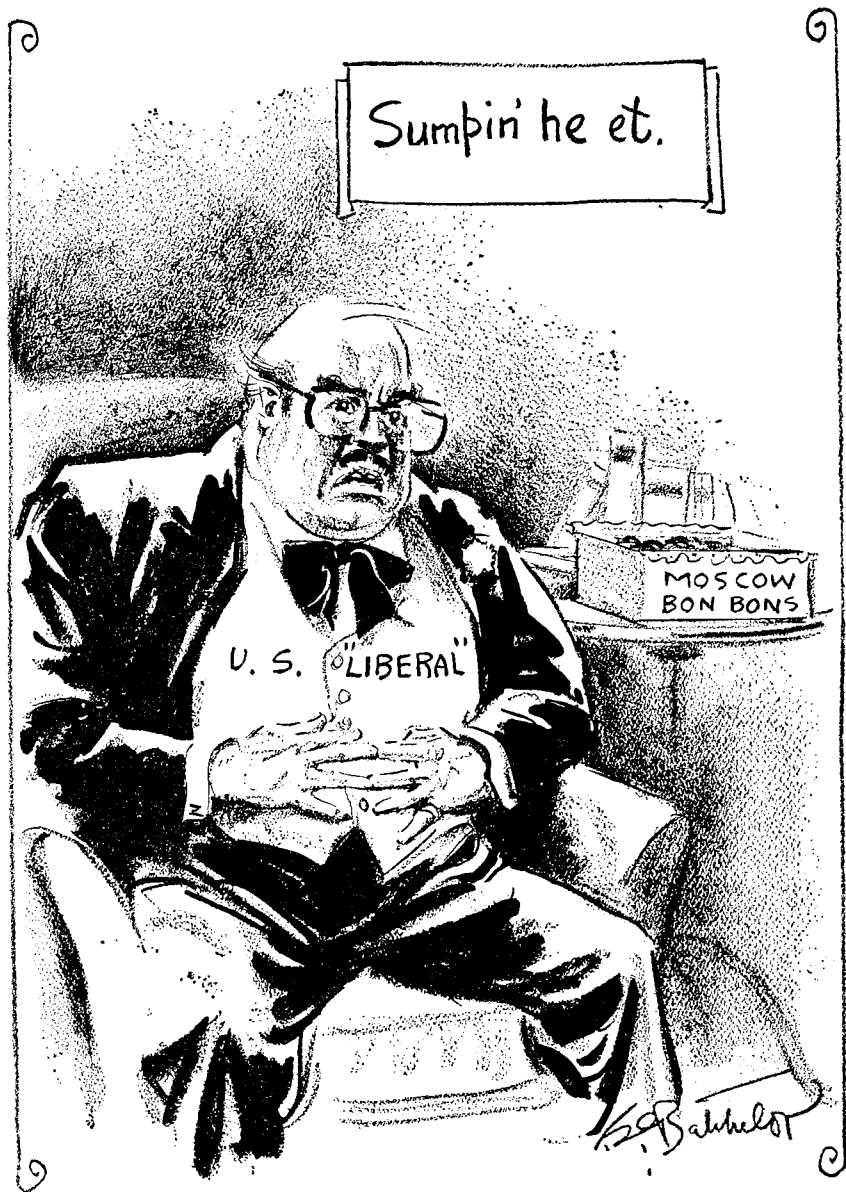
company. And they can do it without paying a cent of interest. In the five years that Lilli Ann employees have been enjoying this privilege, the company can count less than \$200 in unfulfilled obligations.

Schuman's understanding of people and their problems isn't confined to his American associates. Explaining his close bond with the European craftsmen, whom he visits twice yearly, the Lilli Ann president says: "They want to work at the skills taught them by their fathers, the skills and trades at which they are better than anyone in the world. I felt that American methods of manufacturing, continuity, and distribution could well be applied to the fine artisans of Europe, enabling them to better their everyday lives by promoting the export of their magnificent products. To this end we dedicated our efforts — to enable a hard-working people to accomplish their aims and ours."

At a time when many Americans feel that the mere filling of Europe's stomach will only hamper its efforts to reach its own bootstraps, the success of Adolph Schuman's plan is inspiring. He has found Europeans who are able and eager to *pull* on the straps. And he has taught them enough about business leverage to help them lift themselves up into bustling prosperity.

» As a cure for worrying, work is better than whiskey.

— *Thomas A. Edison*





PEKIN FARM BOY

By Howard Rushmore

UNDER the stern and peculiar code of the so-called "liberals," an anti-Communist Congressman is not allowed a single factual mistake. This same rule, of course, does not apply to the left-wingers who permit themselves to defend Alger Hiss, the Rosenbergs, and all forms of treason. *This* is danced to the tune of "the rights of man" and is not classified as a patriotic error.

All this Harold H. Velde discovered a few months ago, when he quite inadvertently declared that Mrs. Agnes Meyer had written an article for a Communist publication. Mrs. Meyer, wife of the New Dealing *Washington Post's* editor, had just sounded off on the favorite theme of "Congressional witch-hunts," with particular attention to Velde's efforts as chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee to expose the inroads of Communism in education. Velde's rebuttal was based on a memo prepared by an investigator on his staff; and when the error was discovered, Velde not only apologized to Mrs. Meyer but fired the investigator

forthwith. But this did not prevent a flood of editorials condemning Velde and smearing the committee as an irresponsible body of Congress.

A few days later Velde mentioned on a TV program that the committee might investigate individual clergymen who had given aid and comfort to the cause of atheistic Communism. The *New York Post*, edited by a former member of the Young Communist League's executive committee, and other newspapers which have opposed Congress's efforts to root out the Red traitors, promptly distorted this statement into a demand by Velde for a probe of religion. Unlike Velde, the self-styled liberals have yet to admit their mistake although a transcript of the program shows the error. Even members of the committee retreated before the howls of the anguished left-wingers who, oddly enough, pay little attention to religion in their everyday lives. Rep. Donald L. Jackson at first expressed "shock" at Velde's statement. But after reading the record, Jackson expressed regrets at his remark and

took to the well of the House to defend Velde in a speech that drew a standing ovation from members of both political parties.

The smear backfired and Velde received thousands of letters and telegrams, many of them from ministers, applauding his request for a probe of clergymen who had gone over from Matthew to Marx. The ratio in favor of such an investigation was about seventeen to one, a fact conveniently ignored by those same newspapers, including Mrs. Meyers' *Post*, which had distorted Velde's original remarks.

THE object of this ceaseless campaign of the anti-anti-Communists is still under fire by those denizens of the educational world who have roamed the ideological jungles of Marxism and have left footprints showing.

The professional professors have visions of this Republican ruffian tracking them down amid the ivy, and mounting their pelts and ears atop the dais of the committee's hearing room in Washington. Such a flight of imagination carried into reality would be supported by a considerable body of parents and taxpayers who are fed up with the antics of these teachers, but Velde is the last man on earth to carry on such a project.

This monster being created by the busy mimeograph machines of the educators is actually a rather gentle type of man whose dream of an

earthly paradise is a section of black farm land and a good herd of beef cattle.

Driving through his 18th Congressional district one day, Velde turned to one of his staff members and pointed to a particularly impressive stand of corn. "That's the most beautiful sight on earth," he said wistfully.

Although the *Nation* and the *New York Post* picture Velde as a sadist who is happiest when asking poor workingpeople if they have at any time pasted dues in a Communist Party book, the Illinois Republican instead looks back on four years as a high-school teacher as "the most truly enjoyable period of my life." This "bloated tool of Wall Street" (original phrase from the *Daily Worker*) was paid \$1,500 a year for the privilege of instructing the young in math, physics, and general science, with a touch of indoctrination of American history.

ANOTHER little-known aspect of his career also was unknown to the group of lawyers summoned before the Un-American Activities Committee in Los Angeles last year. Not only did these witnesses refuse to answer whether they were Communists, but they denounced Velde and the other Congressmen as traitors to the legal profession who threw all rules of due process down the drain. Velde listened to the tirade more in sorrow than anger. An excellent lawyer and a former judge who has

definite professional and personal feelings about the rights of defendants, Velde still says of this particular group of attorneys: "They were just about the worst witnesses I've ever heard. Imagine lawyers acting like that!"

Velde's respect for his own profession undoubtedly grew out of the fact that he had to get all his Blackstone the hard way. The grandson of German immigrants who settled in Illinois and converted a swamp into a verdant section of cornland, the big, quiet Velde washed dishes and ran elevators to get through Bradley and Northwestern. He got his law degree at the University of Illinois, working as a teacher during the winter to earn money for summer school. He hung up his shingle in Pekin, a town of 21,000, and built up a good law business — before the news came of Pearl Harbor.

A few weeks later a classmate suggested that Velde enter the FBI, and he did in July, 1942, thereby setting the stage for subsequent attacks by the Communists, who still picture him as a G-man spraying innocent liberals with a tommy gun.

Velde still has the typical reticence of all former FBI men about their years under J. Edgar Hoover. "One thing I did learn, and in a hurry, was what Communism is all about," Velde says. "When I joined the Bureau, I was about as ignorant as the next guy about the comrades and their techniques. We had a few in college, but I always dismissed them

as a nuisance. I changed my mind in the FBI."

Velde was assigned to San Francisco and placed on a special security detail involving espionage. Under the direction of Soviet consulate officials, spy cells had been set up in various sites of atomic development and the FBI had to keep an around-the-clock surveillance of dozens of professors, couriers and Russian commissars involved in the apparatus.

ONE of Velde's assignments was keeping watch over the ubiquitous Steve Nelson, a Communist Yugoslav import who funneled most of the stolen atomic information to the Soviet consulate.

"There was a tough baby," Velde remembers. "He started his career as a political commissar in the International Brigade in Spain and by the time he got to San Francisco, Steve was ripe and ready for any chore. He planted scientists on the A-bomb projects, relayed their stolen information to the Russians, paid off his contacts in hundred-dollar bills and ran a lot of other errands."

Because a benevolent administration refused to let the FBI arrest Nelson and his brood of prize traitors on the grounds Russia was an ally, Nelson escaped the sentence of the Rosenbergs. Pennsylvania grabbed him on a State sedition law and gave him twenty years in 1952, although at the current writing Nelson is out on appeal and making speeches on the unfairness of American justice.

This sort of muddling with the Communist issue rankled Velde and many other FBI agents who fought the Red spies network across the United States. "When I resigned from the FBI in December, 1945, I had a thought in the back of my mind about running for office so I could expose this sabotage of American security," Velde says. "The FBI did a magnificent job during World War II to protect this nation, but often the subject of our reports was promoted rather than fired and jailed."

The voters also felt some of this disgust, for they revolted against a thirty-years tradition of Democratic control and elected Velde county judge on the Republican ticket in 1946. Two years later he ran for Congress.

"I made Communism the main issue of the campaign," Velde says. "And it didn't take long for the other side to get the phrase 'red-baiter' in action. That was the first time I ran up against it and I've been called that ever since. I hope I always am."

Despite the Stevenson landslide, and the fact that Velde was new in politics, the farm boy from Pekin won by 4,700 votes.

VELDE's administrative assistant, Bob Mitchel, says his boss is a great campaigner. "The Judge [his entire staff calls him that] doesn't try to be any personality boy and he doesn't dodge questions. He gets

out in the rural districts and pitches in with the chores and tells the folks he's just another hayseed farmer, which he obviously is. His district is about half industrial and the Judge gets along with labor, too, although officially they have always been lined up with the Democrats. He doesn't orate or put on a sideshow, and gets elected because he's a plain, everyday American with a lot of backbone."

As a freshman Congressman, Velde could have sat back and written the conventional congratulatory and sympathy letters to his district and kept in the background. But his platform had been one of anti-Communism and he asked for a seat on the Un-American Activities Committee. "It wasn't too popular a place in those days," Velde says. "Some of my older Republican colleagues urged me to stay off; said it was political dynamite." But Velde got on the committee which was then headed by John S. Wood of Georgia, a Democrat who disliked Communism. Richard M. Nixon was one of the GOP minority along with Velde.

Despite the blocks thrown by the Truman administration, the committee had a busy year in 1949 with Velde contributing valuable assistance with his first-hand knowledge of Communist espionage. The Arthur Adams spy ring and its network of professors, doctors and writers was exposed, as were the activities of Steve Nelson. The committee also cracked down on the United Electri-

cal, Radio and Machine Workers, the Communist Party's major labor operation, and heard such prominent Negroes as Jackie Robinson denounce the Communist efforts to infiltrate their race. The committee also issued an excellent report on the so-called peace conference held at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, and pioneered in revealing the hypocrisy of Moscow's peace propaganda.

BACK in the 18th District in Illinois, the voters liked the work of their freshman Congressman. They cheered when he demanded an investigation of the first trial of Alger Hiss and when he said Federal Judge Samuel Kaufman "showed a marked bias for the defense that, to say the least, bordered on judicial misconduct." He also got up in the well of the House and accused President Truman and the late Mr. Roosevelt of responsibility for "a disgraceful" American security record.

So they returned him to office in 1950 with a margin of 27,000 votes. In 1948, five candidates had opposed him in the primaries; in the 1950 primary election he had no opposition. He got the usual smear treatment from the CIO and the Fair Dealers, but Harold Velde went back to the Hill as the ranking Republican on the committee.

More espionage agents were hauled before the committee. So was William W. Remington, former Naval Intelligence officer, who was reinstated to his \$10,000-a-year Com-

merce Department job by the Truman administration despite Elizabeth Bentley's charge that Remington had been part of a Soviet spy apparatus. This particular hearing led to Remington's subsequent indictment and conviction for perjury.

Then the committee turned its attention to an industry that had always been sacred from Congressional investigations — the film colony of Hollywood. In 1947 a Republican-led committee had hauled the infamous Hollywood Ten on the witness stand, with gullible stars such as Humphrey Bogart and Danny Kaye chartering airplanes to fly to the defense of Red commissar John Howard Lawson. The film industry chided the bleeding hearts, proclaimed they would throw the Communists out and went back to business as usual.

In 1951-52 the committee came up with ample proof that the Reds still had plenty of strength in Hollywood. Martin Berkeley, a screen writer and former Communist, named more than 100 Communist Party members in the movie industry. Other witnesses also came forward, some with reluctance, to supply more evidence. This time the studio heads took action and fired dozens of actors, writers and directors who refused to state whether or not they were Reds. The extent of the committee's investigation is shown in last year's annual report; the names of Hollywood persons named as Communists takes up more than fifteen pages of the report. Few, if any, of

these are now working in the industry.

VELDE was an active participant in these hearings and a cross-examiner who proved as relentless as he was thorough. His questions studied in hundreds and hundreds of pages of testimony show a keen legal brain, an FBI agent's experience, and that quick understanding of the human mind so common in people who have grown up close to the soil.

Walking into the hearing room, Velde still has that free-swinging gait of the country boy and his blue eyes and apple cheeks reflect a certain good humor and kindness.

When he's in Pekin puttering around the flowers in a pair of dirty jeans, Velde is very much at home and relaxes from the grind of Washington. He puts on about as many airs as a plow horse and whether in Congress or helping a neighbor butcher back home, Velde works hard. Occasionally he will confide to close friends that he doesn't like politics, but next day he'll be up to his sunburned ears in committee hearings, executive session reports and the various rounds of duties of the typical Congressman. He realizes the obligations of being chairman of one of the House's most important — and now most popular — committees; and he has plunged into a brutal schedule during the past few months.

The Truman administration threw their trained seals into Velde's dis-

trict last fall in an effort to bring down the man who had been relentless in his exposure of Communists in government. A former FBI agent was brought in to speak against Velde, as well as top Democratic politicians, and much money was spent around the 18th District by the Fair Deal mob. Despite this opposition and the tragedy that struck in the middle of the campaign — his most faithful supporter, his wife, Olive, died only a few weeks before the election — Velde rode into his third term determined to continue his investigations.

AS CHAIRMAN of the most-hated committee in Washington, Velde was prepared for the smear that started the day the 83rd Congress was reorganized. "I've sort of been hardened to this sort of thing by now," Velde says. "Perhaps you might even call it a badge of honor."

Velde gives credit to his capable staff headed by Louis Russell, chief investigator, and Ray Nixon, research director, both also former FBI men. His subordinates have a fierce loyalty to their boss, who likes people and wants to be liked in turn. In Harold H. Velde's book, the Communists are shades below the muskrats he used to haul out of the creeks near Pekin. "At least, the muskrats are part of nature's plan," he says. "The Communists are foreign to our nation and to our God. In the world of humanity, they are aliens. They always will be."

By MANUEL RANDOLPH MORRIS

Revolution in Mexico



The Battle "de la Mordida"

ANOTHER revolution has broken out in Latin America, an area long known for its rapid-fire flare-ups and violent revolts. And this one threatens to shake to its very foundation the political structure of Mexico, and possibly some of the neighboring countries.

Adolfo Ruiz Cortines, the new President of the Republic, has declared all-out war on the hordes of Mexican politicians, *soldados*, officials, policemen, customs collectors, and minor officeholders, who throughout the centuries have been devout advocates and ardent practitioners of the time-honored political custom that is known throughout Latin America as "la mordida," freely translated as "the bite."

Since his inauguration, Ruiz Cortines has been jailing grafting policemen, firing crooked officials, cracking down on price chisellers, and cleaning out of Mexican commercial activities hundreds of influence peddlers, their cohorts and many of their all-too-willing victims. He has opened an investigation of the vice squad and rammed new laws through a

dazed legislature, making it easier for the government to detect and prosecute dishonest officeholders.

But most important of all, he has convinced the Mexican public that he is sincere in his clean-up campaign. As a result, big and little business, organized labor and the ordinary man-in-the-street, have all rallied to his support.

Ever since the coming of the Spaniards, "la mordida" has played an important role in the political, economic and social life of South and Central America. Like the sun and the moon and the stars; like the climate, the brooding mountains, the parched deserts and the fertile plateaus; like poverty, illiteracy and disease, "la mordida" is part of the daily life of the people. It bites into all classes, from the poorest peon and *mozo* on up to the wealthiest *hidalgo* and businessman. Not even the politicians themselves are exempt, for the big officeholder bites into the graftings of the small, and he in turn is bitten by the bigger.

Indeed, it is rumored in Mexico that "la mordida" is not altogether

unknown in *Los Estados Unidos*; there have been reports of such a thing in *Nueva York*; in Boston, Massachusetts; in Chicago; and in Washington, D. C. There are even those who say that the Yanqui politicians have developed techniques in extraction that excel anything known south of the Rio Grande. Such reports, however, are received by the average Mexican with the traditional skepticism and suspicion which he reserves for all Yanqui boasts of proficiency superior to that possessed by his Latin neighbors.

AND not altogether without cause. If there is one phase of modern political life in which the Latins have managed to keep pace with the Colossus of the North, it is in the application of "la mordida." If you wish to build a home, or an office building, or a garage, there are permits to be obtained, and various inspections to be passed. The inspectors and the licensing officials—well, my friend, they are poor men with large families and they must live, even as you and I. For a few hundred pesos, perhaps something can be arranged. You have a shipment of goods tied up in customs? Well, there is a fellow called Juan, who has a cousin named Pablo in the customs service, and Pablo has a very sick wife. The doctors want five hundred pesos to make her well, and Pablo is a most appreciative man. It might be wise for you to talk with Juan.

Or maybe you wish to obtain a mining concession, or build a power plant. A-h-h-h, Señor, that is a very big thing. It should be a very profitable venture. But there are certain ministers who must approve; and, of course, their assistants. There are the governor and his aides. It might be wise to have the support of the army. And there are the mayor of the city and the various local officials. This will cost much money, Señor (almost as much as it would cost to buy the necessary influence to unload a ship at a Brooklyn pier), but you are a practical man, and you understand how these things are.

When Adolfo Ruiz Cortines promised to clean up the Mexican government, during his campaign for the presidency, the voters accepted his pledges with the Latin American equivalent of tongue in cheek. They had heard that before, many, many times, from many, many candidates on many, many rostrums. It meant less than nothing.

But one of Ruiz Cortines' first acts after he was elected and sworn into office was to order 25 policemen rounded up and tossed into jail, where they are still languishing, awaiting trial on charges of accepting bribes.

This he promptly followed up by notifying the entire vice squad of the Federal District that all of its members were being investigated on charges of shaking down the prostitutes that patrol the main thorough-

fares of the Capital — one of the most vicious and sordid of all grafting rackets.

He ordered an investigation of complaints brought by trucking companies of wholesale shakedowns by the highway police. The President was told that an operator hauling seafood from the West Coast port of Guaymas, Sonora, to Mexico City, a distance of 950 miles, had been paying 600 pesos per trip to state boundary police and highway patrolmen, for the mere privilege of driving along the public highways. Mexican truck operators informed Ruiz Cortines that food costs could be reduced by as much as 25%, if the "mordida" collected by the highway police from the truckers were eliminated.

ONE of the acute and perennial problems of the multitudinous Mexican poor is the high cost of food. The cost of living in Mexico has jumped 400% in the past ten years.

An early act of Ruiz Cortines' government was to slap ceiling prices on such basic food items as meat, corn, sugar, milk, beans, bread, and other necessities. The maximum prices constituted an over-all slash on some items of as much as 50%, and at the same time left an adequate margin for a legitimate profit.

For the most part, the new price ceilings were accepted by the merchants and market managers in traditional fashion. They simply in-

creased their regular donations to the various inspectors and added the price inspectors to the "bite" lists. And continued to charge the same and in some cases even higher prices.

Suddenly the government cracked down. More than 400 merchants and market managers were arrested, assessed heavy fines, and warned that a second offense would mean the permanent closure of their businesses. Slowly and grudgingly, but certainly, the prices of food and other regulated items are coming down.

The movies are one of the few luxuries within the reach of all classes of the pleasure-loving Mexican people. When several first-run houses boosted their rates from the authorized four-peso maximum (about 45 cents U. S.) to six pesos, the government stepped in and closed them down, for as long as 12 hours at a stretch.

Curiously enough, instead of reacting violently against the government for such unprecedented action, the theater owners decided to cooperate. They came forward and advised the government that in return for bribes of 40 to 70 pesos a day to city inspectors, they were not only allowed to charge above-authorized price ceilings, but were also permitted to oversell their seating capacity, in flagrant disregard for public health and safety. Some inspectors have been fired and that racket has been stopped.

For decades, the sidewalks of truly beautiful Mexico City were littered with the shabby wares of street peddlers, spread out to attract the attention of the passers-by. In many sections of the city the peddlers erected thousands of small sidewalk stands, from which they vended everything from food, soft drinks, and alcoholic beverages, to cheap imitation jewelry and religious articles. Most of the stands were incredibly filthy, the merchandise incredibly shoddy, and the food and beverages unfit for human consumption.

ALONG some boulevards and streets the peddlers' stands were packed so closely that pedestrians — natives and tourists alike — literally had to thread their way through the piles of merchandise to pass, all the while fighting off the clutching hands of the overzealous “merchants” and peddlers.

This was particularly true of the square across from the Shrine of Guadeloupe and nearby streets. This shrine is one of the most famous in the Western Hemisphere, and is visited by as many as a half-million tourists and church-goers annually. During recent years, however, the peddlers in the district had become so numerous that they virtually smothered the beauty of the shrine.

All of these sidewalk peddlers operated without license. All paid daily tribute to cliques of petty

racketeers for “protection,” the racketeers in turn passing along the daily “mordida” to the appropriate police officers and city officials.

Former presidents had ruled that the Guadeloupe area should be cleaned up, and the peddlers' stands removed from the sidewalks of the city. But nothing was ever done about it until the Ruiz Cortines regime moved in.

The government sent 300 workers with trucks into the Guadeloupe area. Stands were lifted bodily from their foundations and hauled away. All the old eyesores were removed. Provisions were made for legitimate merchants to rent space in a public market nearby, and sell legitimate merchandise.

THE same tactics were used on the street peddlers in other parts of the city. These too, with their stands and shabby merchandise, were quickly and forcibly removed by squads of city workers. And the racketeers who preyed upon them were automatically put out of business, and the grafting police and officeholders stripped of their source of “mordida.”

This move called for considerable political courage on the part of Ruiz Cortines, his government, and the city officials who cooperated. Most of the street peddlers are among Mexico City's poor. And recent administrations have tended to regard any strong law-enforcement policy directed against the

Mexican poor as political dynamite.

But in this case the residents of Mexico City, rich and poor alike, reacted favorably. The government had rid the capital of what all had long regarded as a public nuisance.

By now the Ruiz Cortines regime had won widespread public support for its clean-up campaign. A growing conviction of the president's sincerity spread among the people. Here at last was a politico who actually kept his campaign promises.

Adolfo Ruiz Cortines is a slight, 62-year-old politician who has spent 38 years in government service. During that time he has held administrative jobs ranging from army paymaster to Secretary of the Interior in the cabinet of ex-president Miguel Alemán. He resigned from that top cabinet post last year to campaign for the presidency, with Alemán's support.

His political experience has equipped him for the doubly tough job he now faces — maintaining the support of the machine that boosted him into power, and at the same time trying to eliminate graft, favoritism and political skulduggery.

ONE of the most remarkable features about the president is that after almost 40 years in political office he is still a comparatively poor man. Nor do political observers here believe that his financial condition will improve during the six years he will be in the presidency.

At least four former dealers in po-

litical influence have tried to give the new president Cadillac automobiles as presents. All the cars were refused and returned, courteously but firmly, with the message that the president wanted nothing and would accept no gifts as he does not wish to be obligated to anyone while he is holding public office.

Asked what he would do if the political forces long accustomed to the bribe system should oppose his government, Ruiz Cortines is reported to have said:

"If, after expending every effort, I am convinced that an honest job cannot be done, I will retire with dignity. But I will not be a party to dishonesty in government while I am president."

Many years of watching the public's reaction to political measures, plus a deep understanding of his own people, have made Adolfo Ruiz Cortines an excellent political strategist.

He evidences a strong dislike for pomp and ceremony. He has eliminated the large group of strong-arm police which usually accompanies public officials day and night. His simple, direct approach to everyday political problems, and his ready accessibility to average citizens at any time of day, have captured the approval and respect of the public.

He has stopped using the executive offices near the official residence, a practice followed by former President Alemán, and instead shows up for work at the National Palace

each morning in his 1947 Lincoln accompanied only by his chauffeur, or one of the state secretaries who has made an early morning call.

The executive offices may have been conducive to getting a good day's work done without interruptions, but they also kept the elected head of the nation out of the public eye except on national holidays, when he was driven through the center of the city to the National Palace surrounded by several cars of bodyguards.

THE public confidence inspired by the president's unexpected attack on "la mordida" has been further increased by a succession of popular measures.

He has issued an edict banning the use of official automobile license plates, which for years had been abused by officeholders, as a *carte blanche* for wholesale traffic violations. Public officials, Ruiz Cortines bluntly informed them, will be subject to the same traffic laws as other citizens. When their cars are found double-parked — as they were so frequently in the past, on the busiest streets — they will be picked up by city tow trucks, and can be reclaimed only on payment of the customary fines.

He has issued an official edict repealing a ban on the discussion of government policies and officials by radio and television stations. The new Ruiz Cortines decree permits absolute freedom of radio and tele-

vision, and it states that as public media they may discuss, criticize and generally disseminate information and opinion about government actions and public officials.

In a move to eliminate political influence from the army, where it long has dominated, the new Secretary of National Defense, General Matias Ramos, has annulled all recent promotions and frozen present rank, pending the thorough study and development of a promotion system based on merit, rather than on political leanings and influence.

And in one of his most far-reaching moves, Ruiz Cortines took Congress by surprise by abruptly presenting a bill granting women's suffrage, and he rammed it through. For the first time in Mexican history women will vote, and political observers believe they will exert a strong influence on the results in the next elections.

SO STRONG is the new President's political prestige that the Congress passed within a week of its presentation, and with only a single dissenting vote, a new law of "public responsibility" which he requested to strengthen his hand in his campaign against corruption in government.

Under the new law every public official, on assuming office, must make a detailed accounting of his finances and those of his family. On leaving office, or at any intervening time when requested by the

government, a complete investigation of his funds and properties must be made. And if any unexplainable funds are discovered, severe punishment is provided for. It is not even necessary to prove that the funds were acquired by dishonest means — but merely that they exist and cannot be explained satisfactorily. It is one of the most rigorous measures against dishonesty in government adopted by any free nation.

Having been a minor officeholder himself for many years, Ruiz Cortines is fully cognizant of the extent to which thousands of small officials have relied on their "mordida" to supplement their meager salaries. He has taken a step to lessen this incentive by asking Congress for a blanket 10 per cent wage increase for all government workers.

OF COURSE, not all of Mexican officialdom has turned miraculously honest overnight as a result of Ruiz' campaign. There is still a hard core of political traditionalists in all official ranks who continue to take their "bite." And there are hundreds of Mexican and foreign businessmen who have prospered so long on purchased political favors that they prefer the risk of proffering bribes to the awful uncertainty of trying to live on their business ability.

But Ruiz Cortines is grimly determined to stamp out "la mordida," and has told intimates he intends to enforce the new public-responsibility law to the limit.

He has the public behind him. The average Mexican citizen is pleased beyond expression, and just hopes he does not wake up to find it has all been a dream.

The popular feeling is accurately expressed in a recent public statement by Ezequiel Padilla, former Secretary of State, who opposed Alemán (Ruiz' political mentor) for the presidency in 1946. After an interview with the new president, Padilla said:

"Our new leader expresses the ideals and aspirations of the Mexican people. In the brief spell of one month he has awakened the confidence and hope of the public. The task he has outlined for his administration is hard and bitter, but if he succeeds he will save the destiny of our nation."

Another accolade, which Ruiz might appreciate could he have heard it, was the comment of an official of a neighboring Central American state to a colleague from one of the Caribbean countries.

"Of course this campaign against 'la mordida,' it is purely a Mexican domestic matter," he said, uneasily, "but suppose such a thing should spread?"

» Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing. — *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

IN OUR READERS' OPINION

"SATELLITE"

» Words — both spoken and written — are used to convey ideas! It is merely a question of the proper interpretation of those who listen and read. Some words are used deliberately for deceptive purposes and others for constructive accomplishments.

In reading *MERCURY* magazine I am pleased to note it does not avoid the use of strong and direct language to convey the truth. It speaks out with fortitude and courage. For that reason I want to call your attention to the use of the term, "satellite countries."

I find this term used in press reporting, addresses and various other media of circulation. The word, "satellite," was always confusing to me. I really did not know what the true meaning was — but I knew it referred to the countries which had been captured by Russia. So I took the time to check the word in the dictionary and the meaning given was as follows:

"Satellite 1. *Astron.* a small body which revolves around a planet; a moon. 2. an attendant upon a person of importance. 3. a subservient or obsequious follower."

It is my candid opinion that few people in our country really understand the meaning of the word. If we could change the term in reporting, broadcasting, and other media to "*captive countries*," then our people would understand that these countries have been captured by Russia. They are now un-

der the iron hand of despotic tyranny; and as individuals have lost their liberties and are subject to the Russian tongue as being the law.

I know that your magazine could follow through with this idea, which I think is constructive, and enlighten our people as to the real meaning of "satellite countries." It would bring them nearer to the scenes of the real meaning of Communism and the Russian way of doing things.

The invasion of Communism in America, if ultimately successful, means that we then become a "captive nation."

I believe the term "satellite countries" has been used deliberately by the New Deal-Fair Deal to deceive the people and for no other purpose.

EDWARD F. HUTTON
New York City

CONGRATULATIONS

» Congratulations to your new editors and Mr. Maguire on their awareness of the collectivistic Ice-cap being spread over our country by the various branches of Marxism and their apparent determination to expose it, no matter *where* it is found and *who* is involved.

H. ELY GRISWOLD, JR.
Newport Beach, Calif.

» The latest issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* is magnificent! I hail you and your staff as courageous patriots.

Although I must admit that much

of the information was a rude awakening to me, I am happy to have been aroused from the apathy into which my intellectual, moral and emotional self had lapsed.

Thank you for making me realize how precious is my American heritage of freedom and how proud I am that I am able to preserve it!

ANNE SPENCER BRUGH
St. James, Maryland

» I am a subscriber of your magazine. It is out of this world. Especially the one for May. Please send me six copies of the May issue, and please *rush* them. More power to you.

GRACE BRENNAN
Manhasset, N. Y.

» You have a fine — very fine mag now. I read it from front to back and then write to editors about it.

MRS. DAISY HEISING
Dallas, Texas

» Enclosed is my check for one dollar. Please send me four copies of the reprint article, "Communism and the Colleges" by J. B. Matthews.

Also, at this time, let me extend my most sincere commendation for the work you are doing. I honestly consider THE AMERICAN MERCURY one of the finest publications on the market today.

CPL. DAVID F. CRAIGMILE
Fort Belvoir, Virginia

» Received the latest copy of AMERICAN MERCURY. I can't understand how I failed to come across the MERCURY in the States. It really is the most hard-hitting, well-informed literature I've ever read.

LT. JOHN P. LEWIS
c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif.

» I would just like to congratulate you on keeping the tradition of the MERCURY for straight news both fine and up to the standard of its past.

The article on Walter Reuther sums up all that his face tells of that inner "self" about which Emerson said, "What you are shouts so loud I can't hear what you say."

Thank you for your labor, sincerity and old-fashioned "newspaper ethics."

MINNIE S. BOISSARD
Madison, Wisconsin

SOUR NOTE

» Thank you for this notice. I shall miss MERCURY. I shall miss this source of information which each month spells out so clearly the destruction of traditional American liberty and justice by the fascistic methods of re-write and double-think. I shall miss your warped logic which is so badly warped that it is difficult to believe the entire magazine is not written by a single writer. It is difficult to see how a staff of paranoids could be gathered under one roof. I suppose it is a tribute to how far fear has succeeded in making paranoids of us all.

As a minister, it is my job to deal with truth insofar as I am able. It is helpful to be reminded occasionally of how maligned truth can be. Yes, I shall miss MERCURY — but not enough to send you one red cent for postage.

You may thank the unknown benefactor who placed my name on your mailing list for me. Please inform him that I have allowed it to lapse. My 9-month-old daughter loves to tear it up.

DANA S. GREEN,
Waterbury, Conn.



SHANGHAI Q UISLING

By R. S. Patterson.

HE ARRIVED in Shanghai in the early 'thirties and applied for a job at the *China Press*. In those days, Shanghai was a regular port-of-call for world-wandering newspapermen and jobs there weren't too hard to come by. But managing editor Tillman Durdin took a long look at this gent and decided to pass him by. Percy Finch over at the *North China Daily News* did the same thing, and so did Randall Gould at the *Mercury*.

Anyone else would have moved on to Hong Kong or Singapore, but this gent stayed on. Perhaps he was broke and had to. But somehow he managed to survive. He borrowed a buck or so here and there, latched on to visiting Americans when he could, and got temporary employment as press agent and "foreign manager" for various cheap cabarets in Hongkew and Blood Alley, in French-town.

Mostly, he just owed. It wasn't too hard to make a career out of owing in Shanghai, in those days. I used to see him around town now and

then, mostly late at night when the hunting was better for a sharp-shooter. He wore the same suit perpetually; a sort of meat-loaf brindle that had long lost any shape it might once have had. This and a strange, swollen species of Homburg hat that looked incredibly ancient.

There was a sort of insecure assurance to his manner that made you feel sorry for him — until he got on with his conversation. Then he would invariably make you wish you hadn't stopped to talk. He had a flair for unpleasant but interesting gossip, which he proffered in the manner of a Parisian peddler of dirty postcards. Unsavory; that was the word.

Once, in Sam Levey's Venus Café, I met him with a girl fresh from some librarian's desk back in the States. He insisted on paying for a round of drinks and then another — despite my protest. The situation became especially embarrassing when I noticed that the girl was covertly passing money to him.

Later and elsewhere I met the

girl again. It turned out that he had promised to get her a newspaper job. I had been explained to her as a means toward that end. When I told her that I was only a reporter and couldn't hire or influence the hiring of even a coolie copy boy, she nodded sadly. She knew that and many other things by then; but it was too late. She was broke and awaiting assistance from the American consul.

I HAD heard of another occasion when our man had somehow wangled his way into a high-stakes poker game at the American Club, won heavily and then lost even more heavily. It turned out that he had come into the game without a cent. When his I.O.U. was turned down and he was asked to leave, he made an ugly scene and accused the other players of being snobs.

Then there was the death of the White Russian girl with whom he shared quarters on the Rue des Socurs. The details — one way or the other — weren't too clear. When her demise was being given a fast once-over by the bored French Concession cops, our hero deposed that she had committed suicide because of melancholia over her misspent life. Another version was that he had been urging her to misspend it even more thoroughly, and commercially.

Despite his various avocations, however, he continued to refer to himself as a newspaperman and to attempt to talk his way into jobs on

one or another of the local newspapers. Once when there was a rather obvious and urgent vacancy on the *News* he attempted to force his way into the publisher's office and was ejected by the Sikh door-man. This incident, plus the rest, placed him on about the lowest rung of the white man's ladder in Shanghai.

When the Japanese grabbed the town, most of the Europeans had departed and those who were left were quickly tossed into the Ward Road Jail, the Bridge House examination center, or the concentration camp across the river at Pootung. But not this lad.

Donning his bulbous Homburg, he jumped into a ricksha and had himself pulled to the Japanese landing force barracks. There he introduced himself to the occupation officer as an American newspaperman who — for one — had long admired Nippon's Greater Far Eastern Plan and now wished to have a humble part in its fulfillment.

He put on quite a performance, according to a Japanese news-wire-service employee who was present. He told the Jap commander that he had withdrawn from active newspaper work in Shanghai some years previously because he was so out of sympathy with the American attitude toward Japanese idealism in Asia. The Orient, he said with eloquent conviction, needed a firm hand. The Japanese possessed such a hand. God, was he glad!

THE Nipponese are a naive and credulous people in the face of an obvious lie. It is only the obvious truth that they distrust. It never occurred to them to wonder why such convictions had not led this intelligent and idealistic newspaperman into their fold before this late date. They accepted him at face value.

In time, they did far better. The raggedy-tailed pseudo-newspaperman whose I.O.U.'s were not negotiable in the card room at the American Club became the big wheel of Japan's entire foreign-language propaganda program. The facilities of the *China Press*, the *Post & Mercury*, and the *North China Daily News* were placed at his disposal, to tell the world how genteel, cultured, kindly, wise, and misjudged were the Japanese.

Our hero's personal life became equally fabulous. The fugitive from smelly Chinese hotels occupied a ten-room suite at Grosvenor House, which seems to have been barely large enough to house the harem that he acquired. He traveled about town in an Issotta-Fraschini limousine that once (and, as a matter of fact, still) belonged to Sir Victor Sassoon. A Japanese marine rode in the seat next to the chauffeur, not as a guard but as a bodyguard. And his headquarters was the same office from which he had been so rudely ejected, centuries earlier, by the *North China Daily News'* Sikh doorman.

He arrayed himself in excellent linens and, when the cold Siberian breezes swept down Nanking Road, changed into equally excellent tweeds, topped by a really fine fur coat.

EVERYTHING would have been all right had it not been for V-J Day. One of the first things that our people did when they landed in Shanghai in 1945 was to toss our hero into a dungeon out at the Ward Road Jail.

The months that followed were hectic. Came upper echelons of the Navy, then the Army, then the British and American and Chinese civil authorities.

One day, some lately-arrived official — harassed by the miscellany of responsibilities with which he found himself charged — decided to clear out the glutton Ward Road Jail. Nobody available at the moment could clearly explain the reasons for detainment of a certain American confined there; an American who was said to be a newspaperman. He was released and immediately disappeared.

Several years later I met him at Breen's saloon, in the alley back of the San Francisco *Examiner*. I bought him a drink and acceded to an entirely reasonable request for a five-buck loan. He was somewhat bitter about his inability to get a newspaper job in San Francisco and blamed it on local cliquishness. He might go out to Japan, he said. He had friends there.

THE LOST ART

By

of KITE-FLYING

VICTORIA SUDDARD

FEW PEOPLE know that Archytas of Tarentum, back about 400 B.C., invented the kite.

To thousands and thousands of people who *fly* kites, however, it makes little if any difference *who* invented the thing. Such a matter, for instance, is probably the least concern of the hundreds of children who annually parade to Ocean Beach, California, for "K" Day (Kite Day).

This unusual outing is sponsored by the Kiwanis, who also help and advise the young kite-flyers in building the delicate paper-and-stick contraptions. They conservatively estimate that their extravaganza takes five pounds of paste, 400 miles of string, forty pounds of paper, eight miles of sticks and of course, countless jars of paint.

There are many children throughout the United States who have been introduced to the art of kite-flying, but what always amazes Asiatics is the complete lack of interest by American adults.

Kite-flying is a national pastime for Koreans, East Indians, Chinese, Japanese, Tonkingese, Annamese and Malays — young *or* old. In

China, the ninth day of the ninth month is traditionally "Kites' Day," when men and boys of all classes gather on the nearest wind-swept spot for tournaments. Tournaments to them are not just the business of flying a kite the highest or longest. They stiffen the cord near the kite with a mixture of glue and crushed glass or porcelain. The trick is then to fly their kite to windward of the victim's, and having done so, allow the cord to drift against the enemy's. A sudden jerk **will** cut the opponent's kite cord and send the helpless object hurtling to earth and destruction.

It is a common sight in China (and all of Eastern Asia) to see even the tradespeople flying kites while waiting for customers — probably practicing for the tournaments.

Their kites vary in size but often are as much as seven feet in height or breadth, and are made of bamboo strips covered with rice paper or very thin silk. Through generations of interest in the sport, they have become quite artistic about their kites, making delicate replicas of birds, dragons, beasts and fishes. The

Sultan of Johore in the Malays sent fifteen examples to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893.

Asians also have completely fascinating musical kites, made by attaching one or more perforated reeds or bamboos, which make a plaintive sound in the wind that can be heard for great distances. In some small villages the people often fly these kites all night over their houses, content that the music frightens away evil spirits.

There are many vestiges of the religious beginnings of kite-flying in Asia. To this day the savage Maoris of New Zealand make a religious ceremony of the flying of a kite, and as it rises, chant a "kite-song."

There is the story of a Korean general, several hundred years ago, who was trying to instill a fighting spirit into his rebellious troops. He was having no luck at all until one night he struck upon the idea of sending up a kite to which he hung a lantern. Sure enough, his trick worked and word rapidly spread throughout the camp that a new star had appeared — indisputable sign of divine benediction on their leader.

It was another Korean general who is credited with using a kite to fly a cord across a river to begin the building of a military bridge.

BUT it isn't only the Asiatics who have been intrigued by the military potentialities of the kite. There are the famous experiments of

Captain B. F. S. Baden-Powell of the Scots Guards, who back in 1894 designed a kite 36 feet high which he hoped to use as a sort of "airlift" for foot soldiers. He succeeded only in lifting himself to the top of mowed grass with his big kite. Undaunted, however, he constructed six hexagonal kites, 12 feet high and 12 feet across; by stringing them together he was able to lift himself 100 feet off the ground. But at about the same time, the Wright boys were working in wind-swept Kitty Hawk on the other side of the Atlantic and little was ever heard again of Captain Baden-Powell's kites.

Up until about 1925, American military observations were carried out to a great extent with kites. In this connection, the highest recorded flight was on May 5, 1910, at Mt. Weather, Virginia, when the uppermost of a train of ten kites reached a height of $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, at the end of 9 miles of line!

But by and large, Americans remain unaware of the grand history of kites and immune to the joys of kite-flying. They remember the story of Benjamin Franklin's electrifying experience in 1752, and leave the sport for children.

Perhaps in another couple of generations, American manhood will tire of television, electronic "brains" and nuclear explosions and "discover" kite-flying — and build the biggest, best, highest-flying kites ever seen in the world. Radio-controlled, *naturellement*.



Bastion of the Orient

BY RICHARD RENDELL

SHIGERU YOSHIDA is a shrewd, smiling, peppery little fellow of 74 years, the Prime Minister of Japan and the head of the dominant Liberal Party.

I met him a little more than two years ago, in Tokyo, shortly before the anticipated visit of John Foster Dulles, who was coming to Japan to negotiate the peace treaty. After a brief exchange of pleasantries, he mentioned his trip to the United States in 1938, and a visit to Harvard University. He told of noting a distinct coolness, everywhere he went. Then he leaned forward and smiled, almost gleefully.

"But now everybody in America likes me. Mr. Dulles is coming to see me." He tapped his chest with a forefinger for emphasis, and repeated, "Mr. Dulles is coming to see me."

In those seven words the prime minister seemed to symbolize the renaissance not only of his own national pride, but that of the Japa-

nese people. Dulles, spokesman for the victorious West, came to the leader of defeated Japan. He did not summon Yoshida to Washington, to Manila, or to a battleship somewhere in the Pacific. He did not even summon him to the headquarters of the occupying forces in Tokyo. *He came to see Yoshida.* He came to *negotiate* the peace treaty — not to lay down the terms.

And in so doing, John Foster Dulles restored to Yoshida and to the Japanese people much of the face that had been lost when they surrendered to MacArthur on the U.S.S. *Missouri*, in the Pacific, in August of 1945.

This curious episode with Yoshida also emphasized, to me, the growing significance of Japan in American eyes. The prime minister was not speaking quite literally when he said, "But now everybody in America likes me." What he meant was that American officialdom was commencing to recognize what MacArthur never forgot, that Japan is

the key factor in Asiatic power politics. Yoshida had good reason to smile, almost gleefully. For, as in the case of Germany, we had already embarked on a series of overtures to win our defeated enemy safely and solidly over to our side, and Dulles' coming to see Yoshida was only one example.

However, the importance of Japan still is not fully grasped by the American public, and certainly not by either the publics or the officials of our Western allies. In the long-range contest between the Communist and non-Communist forces for the domination of Asia, the outcome of the intensive and, to some extent, undercover struggle for the support of the Japanese people and their government, is vastly more important than the current fighting in Korea, Indo-China, and Malaya.

JAPAN is the single country in Asia that has the potential economic and military strength to balance the power of Red China and the Soviet Union in the Far East. It is a nation of 85 million ingenious and hard-working people — people who possess a greater degree of technical skill and industrial know-how than any other group in the Orient. They are the people who run the workshop of Asia. They can turn out planes, tanks, guns, munitions, and vehicles; ships, railroad equipment, steel, and all of the vast paraphernalia of war, nearly as efficiently as

can the Americans, Europeans, or Russians.

Japan is the only Asiatic nation of modern times that has a strong and — despite its recent defeat — successful military tradition. Japanese troops have proven their ability both in the guerilla-type warfare now taking place in Indo-China and Malaya, and in the more concentrated type of warfare, with huge masses of planes and equipment, now going on in Korea. Even more important, Japan has an efficient, battle-tested — though at present disorganized — officer corps, including all top ranks and all services. It has the technicians with the highly critical logistical skills necessary to keep supplies flowing from factories to distant and widely scattered fronts.

Moreover, Japan has the political stability and the public morale necessary for a first-rate power. It is by far the most politically sophisticated nation in the Orient, with a long history of political order and discipline. And the Japanese, in spite of their outward submissiveness during the occupation, are a proud and fiercely nationalistic people. More than any other Eastern nation, they understand and manifest what we Westerners refer to as "patriotism" in ourselves, "fanaticism" in the enemy.

Potentially, Japan has everything needed by a top-flight military nation — except the A-bomb and an adequate supply of raw materials.

The atom bomb is not considered really essential in the kind of campaigns that are likely to decide the future of Asia. The lack of raw materials, though, is something else again, for the extent to which it is filled will not only determine the future military and economic strength of Japan, but may very probably determine whether the Japanese cast their lot with the United States and the West, or Red China and the Soviet Union.

And the highly significant point, the point that must be considered by President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles in the formulation of every phase of Far Eastern policy, is that Japan, firmly wedded to the West, can be the one real bastion of strength in Asia in our long-term struggle against Soviet imperialism.

AS LONG as Japan remains in the Western camp, no foothold that the Communists have, or might gain, in Eastern Asia, can be regarded by the Kremlin as secure, or by us as irrevocably lost. That includes everything from Port Arthur to Singapore and the East Indies, and deep in the Asiatic heartland to Tibet and Outer Mongolia.

Conversely, should the Communists gain control of Japan, all of Asia is theirs. Everything from the Persian Gulf to Formosa and the Philippines will be theirs for the taking, and Okinawa and our Pacific island bases can be plucked one by one, at will. Our outer defenses

would be forced back to Australia, New Zealand and the Hawaiians at the best, and even these might prove tenuous in time.

Even in its present demilitarized state, Japan is the vital bridgehead for our Korean campaign, the control point from which troops, planes, weapons, and supplies move to the battlefronts. Should the hostilities spread to China, with American forces participating even on a limited scale, the importance of maintaining this bridgehead will be increased in direct proportion to the extent of the fighting and our commitments.

But there are indications that Japan may not long remain demilitarized. Serious discussions are already under way in State and Pentagon regarding the mobilization of a Japanese fighting force, a force powerful enough to play the leading role in the defense of free Asia; and, if the opportunity presents itself, to spearhead the drive for the liberation of China.

The one idea propounded by President Eisenhower during the campaign, which won wide response among Republicans and Democrats alike, is that the defense of Asia must ultimately rest upon the Asians themselves. And it is inconceivable that a strong Asiatic defense against Red aggression can be built without the inclusion, and probably the leadership, of the Japanese.

To achieve this, Mr. Dulles will need all of the diplomatic finesse that has ever been endowed to a

statesman. Whether or not to achieve it is a decision that demands of President Eisenhower a coolness and precision of judgment, a sense of prescience almost beyond the endowment of mortal beings. For it involves a calculated risk as great as that taken by Roosevelt and Churchill when they decided to pour military strength to the Soviets in 1941, and to permit them to seize eastern Europe in 1944 and 1945, and to lay the groundwork for the conquest of China, in 1948. It could, eventually, become even more disastrous.

Would a strong, independent (and those words are almost synonymous) Japan make a reliable ally? I do not know. I do not believe any Westerner can answer that question with any degree of certainty. I doubt that even the Japanese people or their leaders could predict at this time what course they would follow in the years ahead, if they found themselves playing a dominant role (more probably, *the* dominant role) in a strong Asiatic military coalition. The one fairly safe prediction is that they would follow the course which, depending upon the changing circumstances, would render the greatest benefits to Japan — regardless of treaties, obligations or commitments.

THE imponderable that President Eisenhower must somehow weigh, in making his fateful decision, is whether or not future events will shape up in such a man-

ner that the Japanese will believe their greatest advantage lies in remaining a friendly ally to the United States and the West.

Is there a reasonable prospect that the Soviet Union may collapse, or be destroyed as a power, leaving Japan once again dominant in Asia without a balancing force? Would it then have the strength, and the desire, to revive its old imperialistic schemes — schemes which were so rudely disrupted by our troops, planes and submarines less than a decade ago, at such a tremendous cost in blood and fortune?

Is there a reasonable prospect that a strengthened Japan might suddenly elect to join forces with Russia and Red China in a war to the death between the Asiatic and the Western worlds? That, of course, is the long-range goal of the Communists, whether Japan is permitted to re-arm, or stays demilitarized. The Japanese Communists have revived the old slogan of the Japanese militarists, "Asia for the Asiatics," and have made it their propaganda theme; they are hammering away at the Japanese public day after day with the reminder that the Russians, too, are predominantly an Asiatic people, and that Stalin once greeted a Japanese ambassador as "a fellow Asian."

Is there a reasonable prospect that we can convince the Japanese people and their leaders — and keep them convinced — that their greatest advantage lies in joining with the West

in the fight against Soviet expansionism? That if they do join in with us the final victory will be ours? And that, when the victory is won, their greatest rewards can be reaped in settling down in a long period of prosperous peace with their neighbors and ourselves?

Those are the questions which the President and his aides must answer in deciding how far to go in attempting to utilize the military potential of Japan.

But the alternative course of keeping Japan in a demilitarized status also raises some awkward questions, questions just as difficult to answer as those above — and possibly just as fateful. If the Communists should suddenly decide to settle the Korean war, how long will American public opinion sanction our keeping the large and expensive forces in Japan to protect it from a sudden Communist thrust? Would a militarily and economically weak Japan be more, or less vulnerable to Communist subversion? Can we, even if we wish, keep the most vigorous people in Asia in a weak and subordinate status; can a nation with the potential of the Japanese be held indefinitely in a state of suspended animation?

WHICHEVER way Eisenhower and his aides decide, there are grave risks involved. At the present it appears that the decision will be to proceed cautiously in a limited program to rearm the Japanese, with

their forces integrated into some sort of a "Free Asian Army" modeled after the proposed — and thus far not highly successful — NATO army in Europe, into which the Germans are intended to be integrated. Delicate feelers have already been sent to sound out the reactions of the Chinese Nationalists, the South Koreans, the Filipinos and the Thais. Conversations have been held with the British, Australians, New Zealanders, and French. Top Japanese officials have been quietly consulted.

The results have not been encouraging. The nations which have felt the heel of the Japanese conquerors, or which have had their colonies stripped away, have the same reaction that the French have toward the rearming of Germany. They would tolerate it only if Japan is kept firmly in a subordinate role — and they doubt that a people as able and aggressive as the Japanese can long be kept in such a role.

Secretary Dulles' first move in the effort to fit Japan more firmly into the Asian defense situation is to negotiate a Far Eastern military alliance that is acceptable to all of the powers involved, including Japan. Churchill is pressuring for a Southeast Asia defense pact that would be completely dominated by the Western powers (with the British Commonwealth having the loudest voice, and the U. S. the heaviest bill). The Philippines have proposed a defense pact of the free Asiatic

nations, again with the implication of substantial U. S. military, financial, and economic support. Possibly some acceptable compromise between the two will be Mr. Dulles' answer. An extension of the present security pact that is corollary to the Japanese peace treaty (which includes the United States, Japan, Australia, New Zealand and the Philippines) into a military alliance, and expanded to include other Asiatic nations, is already under discussion. It is highly probable, however, that whatever plan Dulles comes up with will minimize if not eliminate economic assistance. For Congress, too, must be satisfied.

Next in order, and probably the most difficult of Mr. Dulles' problems in bringing Japan into the Asiatic defense scheme, is that of persuading the Japanese themselves to rearm, and to play their assigned role in whatever sort of a mechanism may be devised.

HIS greatest obstacle in so doing is a clause in the Japanese constitution, which we ourselves insisted on inserting, prohibiting the existence of a Japanese army, navy, or air force. In order to rearm the Japanese, they would have to amend their constitution; which, in turn, requires a popular referendum. Observers agree that if such a referendum were held at this time, it would be defeated. The Japanese people, particularly the women, are still in the grip of the — usually temporary

— pacifism that invariably engulfs a defeated nation.

Moreover, strongly conscious of their newly regained sovereignty, the Japanese are playing a cautious game of "Wait and See" in the struggle between the United States and the Soviet Union.

With the horrors of wholesale bombings and atom bombings still fresh in every adult mind, the shame and humiliation of defeat and occupation still imprinted in their souls, the Japanese are by no means anxious to embark on fresh military adventures — particularly as they do not yet know what their own stake in the game may be. Already heavily burdened with taxes, and their shaky economy weighted down by their treaty obligations to pay astronomical war reparations to the victorious allies, the Japanese are understandably reluctant to assume the additional huge costs of maintaining a large military force.

Hovering quietly in the wings of the Japanese public stage, waiting patiently and hopefully for their cue to resume old leading roles, are the surviving members of the once-dominant military clique. In the view of most competent observers, both foreign and national, the Japanese militarists still nurse their old dreams of imperial glory, and the twin humiliations of defeat and public disgrace have served only to lend a nostalgic savor to their warlike visions. The militarists, too, are sitting on the fence, and favor stay-

ing there. They view the struggle between the world's two great powers as an opportunity presented by destiny for Japan to exploit to its fullest advantage. They will follow whatever course appears most expedient at the most expedient time. But the one they would favor most strongly, if it should be possible, is the one that appears the furthest divorced from their military traditions — complete, but armed, neutrality. Their hope, of course, is that the United States and Russia will become locked in an all-out war, exhaust each other, and leave a resurgent, aggressive Japan to pick up the pieces.

ONCE working hand-in-glove with the militarists, but now meticulously avoiding all public contact with them, are the Zaibatsu, the ancient clans of Mitsubishi and Mitsui, who once dominated Japanese business, and in collaboration with the military, Japanese politics. Despite all of the schemes and programs devised by the occupation forces to smash the Zaibatsu, the Mitsubishiis and the Mitsuis are slowly forging to the front of Japanese industrial and commercial leadership. They have the money, the financial know-how, and the managerial brains at their disposal. They have important commercial and banking contacts in every trading country in the world. Japan desperately needs the production and the trade that the Zaibatsu can pro-

vide, and the Zaibatsu are more than willing to provide it. Their agents are once again combing the markets of the world for raw materials for their factories, for buyers for their exports. And factory after factory, business after business, and bank after bank, are once again under the directorship of a member of the Mitsui or Mitsubishi families, or of one of their trusted former employees.

The Zaibatsu, for the moment, are playing closely with the West. That is expedient. They talk convincingly of a policy of moderation. That too is expedient. Perhaps they will continue both, for it is difficult to see any alignment with the Soviets that would appear expedient to the members of the Zaibatsu. Nevertheless, the loyalty and devotion of the Zaibatsu, as of nearly all of the old top-ranking Japanese, belongs only to Japan. Whenever the weathervane shifts to the winds of Asiatic power politics, the Zaibatsu will follow the breeze which seems to blow most favorably for their country.

Two forces in Japanese political life, however, have strongly committed themselves: the Communists and smiling little Shigeru Yoshida. The Communists, of course, are fully committed to the Kremlin. At present they are content to preach pacifism, neutralism and anti-Westernism in attempts to sabotage anticipated efforts by the West to draw Japan into a military alliance.

They are taking every possible advantage of sensitive Japanese pride, which still smarts at times at the presence of large numbers of U. S. and other Western troops.

Although relatively small in numbers, the Japanese Communists are well-organized and ably directed. Recently some 200 Japanese Communist cells were re-organized into military committees, and are believed to be building up arms caches and laying plans for wholesale sabotage, rioting, and even insurrection, when Moscow gives the word.

YOSHIDA is the one force in Japan that appears fully committed to the West. He has staked his political future on Western cooperation and a policy of moderation. He appears to believe sincerely that this is the wisest course for Japan to follow. So the hopes of Dulles must rest largely on the frail, stooping shoulders of the prime minister.

But while Yoshida's grip on the Liberal Party is strong, it is by no means secure. And just as the Communists hope for an economic collapse, so does Yoshida fear one.

For in the long run the course of Japan will be determined by her economic situation. And Japanese economic conditions must, in the long run, be controlled by Japanese trade — trade which is the source of increasing concern and controversy in every manufacturing nation, of the East as well as of the West.

Even to maintain her present low living standards in a demilitarized economy, Japan must import in excess of two billion dollars' worth of raw materials annually. To raise living standards to a minimum "reasonable" level, this would have to be more than doubled. At a meeting of the Japan Society, in New York, John D. Rockefeller III estimated that Japan would have to increase its exports from the 1.4 billion dollar level achieved in 1951, to about 5.5 billions to maintain a reasonable degree of prosperity. If Japan rearms, its exports must of necessity increase above that figure, to compensate for the increase of imports.

For Japan, although an industrial nation, must import 100 per cent of its cotton, wool, rubber, tin, nickel, bauxite and phosphates. It must import 88 per cent of its oil, 80 per cent of its salt, 70 per cent of its coking coal. It must import iron ore, copper, chemicals and pharmaceuticals. More than 20 per cent of its foodstuffs are now being imported, and this proportion will rise sharply with any increase in living standards.

At present, Japan's major exports are textiles, machinery, ceramics, toys, tuna fish, fish liver oils, gloves, optical equipment, and a broad variety of manufactured "gadgets." Already her exports have cut deeply into the markets of the British, French, Dutch, and Americans in south and southeast Asia. At the time the peace treaty was being negotiated, the British fought bit-

terly for the inclusion of economic restrictions which would prevent Japan from producing goods competitive with British goods in the world markets. The British were solidly supported by Australia, New Zealand, and the Philippines, and to a lesser degree by India and Canada. Dulles and his economic adviser, John Allison, opposed any economic restrictions, and won — one of the few occasions during the Truman-Acheson regime on which we refused to yield to British pressure.

BUT now the British and other trading nations are renewing their efforts to curtail Japanese trade, from another tack. They are advocating that all major importing nations (represented in the U. S.-sponsored General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) apply discriminatory tariffs against Japanese imports.

The State Department has already moved to beat down the British proposal by offering new U. S. tariff concessions as *quid pro quo* for the acceptance of Japan as a full-fledged member of the tariff reduction group, entitled to all tariff concessions granted to other nations. But the State Department must still go to Congress to obtain authority to deliver on its promise, and for the first time since the early 1930's, opposition to further reductions in U. S. tariffs is on the rise.

Moreover, some of our own manufacturers have commenced to feel the pinch of Japanese competition

in the U. S. market. Optical glass manufacturers say the Japanese can sell telescopes and cameras in this market for a fraction of the price of comparable domestic products, as a result of their cheap labor. Manufacturers of gloves, woollens, toys, gadgets, and machinery are watching the steadily increasing flow of Japanese exports into their local and foreign markets, with growing unease. The Japanese must more than treble their current exports, if Mr. Rockefeller's estimates are valid, and their trade missions are active throughout every trading area in the Western hemisphere. A lot of tender toes are going to be stepped on, here in the United States as well as in Europe, and increasing demands are likely to be made that governments safeguard local workers from the competition of cheap Oriental labor.

And that is the prospect that Dulles and Yoshida dread, and the Communists await expectantly. For any curtailment of Japanese exports will not only cripple their economy and their defense program; it will give the Communists the propaganda weapon they are hoping for.

So here, too, is a delicate task for Secretary Dulles: to find a way to make the Japanese economy strong, without making too many of Japan's competitors in the world markets too unhappy.

The fate of Asia, perhaps of the Western world as well, may depend on his ability to do so.



"Don't you hate these days when nothing seems to go left?"

A Unique Challenge **TO PRIVATE ENTERPRISE**

BY JAMES ANDREW MAYER

American private enterprise, which has successfully met so many great challenges in the past, is soon to receive a new challenge, and a unique and formidable one.

Barring all-out war, an act of God, or a complete reversal of Congressional thinking, private enterprise will be given an opportunity to demonstrate that it can supply to the consuming public an adequate volume of synthetic rubber more efficiently and more cheaply than a government-owned, government-controlled monopoly is now doing.

According to plans drafted by the Government, which have won widespread approval in industry and on Capitol Hill, the United States' most overt — and most successful — experiment in the realm of socialism is slated for termination within the next eighteen months. The nationally owned synthetic rubber monopoly — in which a total of nearly a billion dollars of taxpayers' funds has been invested — is to be turned over to private industry and the forces of free competition, lock, stock, and barrel.

Private industry is confident that it will meet the challenge. Spokesmen for the rubber industry believe they will soon be supplying the public with synthetics that are even better than those now available, and at lower prices.

Ironically, the most formidable aspects of the challenge are the direct result of private industry's own contributions to the Government's program. From the outset the synthetic rubber monopoly has been operated by rubber, oil, and chemical companies under management contracts, subject to policies laid down by the Government.

But the private companies conducted the operations so efficiently, and developed the manufacturing technology with such ingenuity, that synthetic rubber has become one of the most amazing industrial success stories of the generation. And thanks largely to its own excellent performance, industry may find itself hard-pressed to prove clearly the superiority of private, competitive ownership over public monopoly, in this particular case.

THE American synthetic rubber industry is a World War II baby. In September, 1942, after months of bickering, dissension, and the most venal political wire-pulling, and after we had been completely shut off from our supplies of natural rubber from the Far East, Congress finally authorized the construction of 51 facilities for the manufacture of synthetic rubbers and the basic raw materials needed for their production: styrene and butadiene.

The program was based on the famed Baruch Report. The report sought not so much to recommend the most economical and efficient program for producing synthetic rubbers, as to appease the various politically powerful dissidents and get some kind of program — almost any kind of program — into actual production in a hurry. Most of the plants recommended by the Baruch Report were based on the best technology known at the time. But many plants and processes included were known to be uneconomic and inefficient. More than 80 million dollars was allocated for the construction of two alcohol-butadiene plants, although every chemist in the industry knew that such plants would never be commercially feasible unless there should be a prolonged and catastrophic drop in grain prices.

That was done to appease the powerful Farm Bloc. For no other apparent reason than the influence of certain key senators and politicians, many of the more efficient plants

were uneconomically located in Kentucky, West Virginia, and New England, far from the source of raw materials, a factor which has added millions of dollars to production costs. Because of the critical urgency and the prolonged delays, once the program was adopted construction was rushed at top speed and at resulting costs of twice what they would have been had prudence and economy been the guiding factors.

When the industry came into production in 1943, no attempt was made to operate on a cost basis. During the war years synthetic rubber was sold to industry at prices far below production costs, and as a result the program suffered a net operating loss of more than 200 millions by 1946, raising the taxpayers' investment to nearly a billion dollars.

BY 1947, natural rubber from the Far East was pouring into the United States in increasing volume and at prices that dropped below what was then considered a fantastically low price of 18 cents a pound that the Government was charging for synthetic. Congress decided that, temporarily at least, the only way the synthetic industry could be continued, to assure the country of an adequate supply of rubber in event of a future emergency, was under some sort of government subsidy. So it approved a government plan to retain sufficient capacity in operation and in standby to assure production of 600,000 tons annually,

in event of need. The rubber industry was compelled by law to use about 300,000 tons a year regardless of the comparative cost of natural. Surplus facilities, 22 in number, were disposed of at a loss of 75 million dollars.

But by 1947 a modern industrial miracle was taking form. The operators of the Government's plants, having successfully met the critical needs of the war, attacked with equal success the problem of reducing the cost of producing and processing synthetic rubbers. With the inefficient "political" plants either disposed of or placed in standby, costs were rapidly lowered to the point where the industry was actually earning a profit without any increase in price.

Since 1946 the industry's record has been a remarkable one. Although less than half of the 29 facilities retained by the Government were in operation prior to the Korean emergency (all are now operating), the program had returned more than 350 million dollars in depreciation reserves to the Treasury at the end of 1952, plus a net profit of about 12 millions. And this was after paying out from 3 to 5 million dollars a year in interest charges, about 40 millions for plant expansion and improvements, and more than 25 millions for reactivating the standby plants. Moreover, the industry has spent more than 40 millions in research and development work, out of its operating revenues.

THE operating efficiency has so increased that during the present year the government-owned plants are expected to earn a net in excess of 50 million dollars, over and above all costs. And the book value of the plants will have dropped to less than 140 million dollars by the end of the year.

What this means is that when the plants are sold to industry (their real value far exceeds the book value) the probability is that the taxpayer will not only have received back every dollar of his original 700-million-dollar investment, but most if not all of the 200 millions lost during wartime operations as well.

Moreover, the synthetic rubber industry has saved the consuming public billions of dollars by acting as a brake on the prices of natural rubber. Were it not for the competition of synthetic, which has ranged from 18 to 26 cents a pound since 1946, natural rubber would probably have been priced in excess of a dollar a pound throughout the postwar years. Even with synthetic at 18, the price of natural shot from about 20 cents a pound to 74 cents within a few months after the Korean emergency. But as synthetic production increased from 400,000 tons in 1949 to a rate of more than 1,000,000 tons during the current year, natural quickly receded to the 20-cent figure, less than the 23 cents now charged for synthetic.

But even more important has been the steady improvement in the

quality of the various synthetic rubbers. Synthetic has so improved that the best passenger car tires today contain less than five per cent natural rubber, the balance synthetic. Unless the price drops far below the price of synthetic, for a prolonged period, experts doubt that passenger car tires will ever again be made for general use from natural rubber.

THE BUTYL type synthetic is so superior for inner tubes that no tubes have been made from natural since the end of the war. And improved technology is gradually replacing more and more natural with synthetic in the making of truck tires. In 1950 the tire industry consumed nearly 500,000 tons of natural rubber as against 275,000 tons of synthetic. In 1952, although natural was in surplus, the tire industry used only 300,000 tons of natural compared to 500,000 tons of synthetic. The answer is that synthetic rubber

is cheaper to process and, for ordinary usage, makes a longer-wearing tire.

That, briefly, is the record which private ownership must not only equal but excel, if the advocates of public monopoly — who will be watching subsequent developments with a critical eye — are to be effectively silenced. It will require considerable restraint on the part of the new owners. The demand for synthetic is expected to be so great during the next few years that it could command a much higher price than the present profitable 23-cent figure. There will be considerable temptation for the new owners to boost prices and earn fantastic profits.

In a sense, the basic principle of free competitive enterprise is going to be subjected to an acid test; under abnormally difficult conditions. The industries most concerned are grimly confident they will meet the test, to the full satisfaction of the consuming public.

The Rabbit

The rabbit is very fast and sly, and very hard to catch.

And if you happen to live on a farm, he's in your cabbage patch.
He also likes some carrots, and his teeth are sharp as fishbone.

And if you ever eat him, you'll be looking for the wishbone.
Well, there's not much more about him, except he's very fluffy.

And if you look at him enough, his color will look buffy.

That's the story of the rabbit, and it's written in a rhyme.

But since I'm not a writer, it's not even worth a dime.

(*Dear Editor:* I am eight years old and I go to Mullanphy School in St. Louis. — RONALD GALLINA)

SIAMESE POLITICS Are a Laughing Matter

By Louis Fischer

SIAM's politics often look ridiculous, yet the country is the only one in Southeast Asia that has enjoyed peace since the end of the second world war. Burma, Indo-China, Malaya, and Indonesia have been tormented by hot fighting; Siam, or Thailand, is the exception. Its young king writes songs. Its shrewd politicians stage comic-opera *coups*. "Siam is a low pressure area," a Burmese leader said contemptuously. But the Siamese need not mind being dull or funny as long as they have tranquility.

The people of Thailand live close to the earth and the water and far from politics. The earth gives them rice, fruit, and vegetables; the water, fish and pleasure. The politicians give little. The politicians take.

Flooded rice fields are the primary source of Siam's wealth. Next come her teak forestries, fisheries, and orchards. The fruit trees do not stand in military formation at the corners of immaculate squares as in Europe and America. They grow

helter-skelter, high coconut palms and squat bananas, betel nut and pineapple, all mixed together, and in the shade of these one finds sugar cane, mangoes and papaya, even tobacco. This duplication of jumbled jungle conditions conduces to a balanced insect and bird life, so that instead of attacking the vegetation the bugs tend to eliminate or at least neutralize one another.

It does not follow, however, that obedience to the laws of nature always makes for good farming. The Siamese rice cultivator has not changed his methods for millennia. This brake on national progress creates ugly political phenomena; it explains Siam's addiction to politics by theatrical *coups d'etat*.

The first of these revolutions in a teapot occurred on June 24, 1932, when the People's Party (which usually called itself, with delectable frankness, the Coup Party) overthrew the absolute monarchy and gave the kingdom a constitution. Altogether about a

hundred civilians and soldiers participated in the movement. The brain behind it was Pridi Phanomyong, a civilian. The military half of the group was led by Colonel Phya Bhahon, who, within a year, yielded his place to Colonel Phibun Songgram, the present prime minister of Siam.

Pridi, the civilian coup leader, went to college in France. Phibun studied in the French military academy of St. Cyr. The idea of the coup first germinated in Paris and its presumed objective was to abolish royal absolutism and modernize Siam. Nobody favored a republic. The people were not rebellious or disaffected. Neither the educated nor uneducated classes had any part in the coup. It was strictly private and lasted one day. Killed and wounded numbered zero.

PHIBUN's star rose. In 1938, he became prime minister. The military were in the ascendancy, whereas the civilian participants in the original 1932 coup, notably Pridi, gradually lost influence.

Pridi had apparently come under the spell of French Utopians and Socialists. He favored government control of major industries and banking, and co-operatives for marketing. Phibun did not oppose this economic program, but where Pridi was long on idealism, Phibun obeyed the dictates of expediency. Pridi's advocacy of a Southeast Asia federation had less practical political value

than Phibun's nationalism: Thailand for the Thais and down with the Chinese who are one-sixth of the population. Pridi remained a stormy petrel.

The year 1938 saw an old-fashioned plot. Allegedly some royalists (others said some army men, and still others said Pridi) tried to poison Prime Minister Phibun at a dinner party. Needless to report, the conspiracy was discovered at the last moment.

When the Pacific war broke out in December, 1941, Japan sent an ultimatum to the Siamese government demanding the right of transit through the country to Burma, the right to quarter troops, and freedom to acquire supplies. Pridi urged rejection and active resistance. Characteristically, Phibun neither rejected nor accepted; he simply did not answer the ultimatum. Thereupon, the Japanese invaded the country. Phibun's forces fought — formally — for 24 hours, then he capitulated, and co-operated with Japan where it was unavoidable. At the same time, however, he flagrantly connived at Pridi's open support of the Western allies. Pridi, who had been named a regent, organized the Free Thai movement which, throughout the war, maintained contact with the American OSS and its British equivalent. Agents of these organizations came regularly to Thailand. Japan remained mistress of Thailand, yet her Anglo-American enemies en-

joyed the freedom of the country and never lost a man in all their hazardous operations over four years.

PHIBUN, born in 1895, is an indestructible political acrobat who always lands on his feet no matter how intricate the somersault. His bifurcated wartime policy was a classic balancing act and revealed a talent for manipulation which explains his supremacy through the decades. Yet for interesting reasons he is not a dictator.

Phibun faces opposition from time to time, but he has always succeeded in dealing with it by varying combinations of skill and luck. His most hair-raising adventure — and hairbreadth escape — occurred in June, 1951. At 4:30 p.m. one Friday, Phibun went aboard a dredger, anchored in the broad Chowphya River at Bangkok, which the United States was presenting to Thailand. At a signal, a squad of Thai marines drew their revolvers, surrounded the prime minister on the deck of the dredger and carried him off to a landing boat and later to the navy's flagship in the river.

During the night, members of Phibun's cabinet rallied the army and air force to the support of the government. At dawn the next day the air force appeared over the river and proceeded to divebomb the Thai flagship on which the prime minister was being held prisoner. The flagship miraculously was hit, caught fire, and began to sink. The

navy coup masters took fright at the serious turn of events and after some deliberation, telephoned the government forces on the opposite bank to come and get their prime minister.

During my stay in Siam I wondered, and inquired, why power remained divided among four parties — police, army, navy and air force, with the last two least? Why did not a leader like Phibun or Phao or Sarit stage a coup to end all coups and establish a dictatorship? What was the reason for the politics by recurrent coups?

THE Bolshevik, Nazi, Mussolini, and Franco dictatorships supplanted multi-party democratic systems. In Siam, before the long chain of coups, there had been no democratic system. No dictatorship was necessary to suppress democracy. A dictatorship, moreover, seeks to permeate the people by terror and propaganda. This destructive, dishonest relationship between rulers and ruled is the essence of dictatorship, for if the dictator left his subjects alone in body and mind they would overthrow him. But in Siam the coup masters operate in a circle eccentric from the people. To draw the people into the circle by submitting them to terror would be wasteful, for the political people are not opposing and will not oppose the leaders. To draw them into the circle by giving them democratic rights would curtail the power of

the oligarchy. To draw them into the circle for purposes of propaganda would be impossible, for the leaders have nothing to say, nothing to preach, no ideas, no principles, no ideals. The leaders I talked with, the prime minister and the acting foreign minister, made the impression of deft parriers rather than deep thinkers.

The only function that could be exercised by a Siamese dictatorship, therefore, would be extermination within the narrow group of coup men that now head the state; and they hesitate to introduce this method because any one of them might ultimately be its victims. "A coup in Siam is a personal affair," one diplomat said to me, "two tigers fighting for a bullock." Better to divide the bullock than die in the struggle for it. This lackadaisical tolerance is in keeping with the meteorological and political climates of Thailand, where Buddhism and tropical weather combine to favor cool inaction along the middle path.

Siam's social structure also encourages the concentration of political power at the peak of the pyramid. In underdeveloped countries the great mass of the people live by agriculture — eighty-five per cent in Siam — and they are often too inert, uneducated, and uninterested to exercise political influence. They do not make, they *take* government policy. Historically it is the middle class in such areas which becomes the champion of the peasant masses

and the carriers of democracy or revolution. In Siam, however, the middle class is small and weak, and where it does exist, as in the cities, it consists overwhelmingly of Chinese who, being in their majority non-citizens, cannot participate in national politics. The Thais are just beginning to develop an interest in business. They are indifferent merchants, while the Chinese work hard and trade skillfully. This will change: The Siamese are sure to invade the business field. The numerous schools will also turn out professional men and women and intellectuals who must ultimately constitute a vocal Thai middle class.

THE establishment of a dictatorship and the arrest of the dictator's rivals might wreck some of the companies in which he and they are directors.

A police chief or prime minister in business is a formidable force and has several means of dealing with competitors. A Thai ministerial portfolio, accordingly, is the royal road to riches. Nobody makes a secret of the fact. In a politically primitive country like Siam, where the power of the government is not very great, an ambitious man asks more than power as his reward for success; he asks for money. A dictator, on the other hand, is unlikely to be financially corrupt. He has enough gratification without that.

While amassing personal fortunes,

the government leaders are no narrow partisans of private capitalism. They tolerantly believe in state capitalism too. The Siamese government operates sugar mills, cement factories, the airways, railroads, shipping, bus lines, the tobacco and cigarette monopoly, a jute bag plant, the Bangkok port, a whisky distillery, cotton spinning mills, a national lottery, a paper mill, and so forth. The conservative Siamese government is thus just as partisan to state ownership and operation of industry as the socialist, Marxist government of Burma. Government enterprises in Siam, however, welcome private shareholders. And high government officials invest in private enterprise. The economy is indeed mixed.

Government participation in production and distribution in underdeveloped countries is usually attributed to the shortage of private capital, and if the word *capital* means available, working capital, the analysis is correct. But where does the Thai government obtain capital for building state factories? Its principal source is the export of rice. Of the price received from the foreign sale of Siam's huge rice surplus, the peasant gets one-third and the government two-thirds. (The same proportion maintains in Burma.) The bulk of the Thai peasants, who are rice growers, simply lose the bulk of their earnings to the government. Such exploitation cannot stimulate the incentive of the tiller — espe-

cially since he is inclined to be indolent anyway.

FORTUNATELY for the Thai farmer, there is no crowding on the land and most experts say the country consequently needs no land reform. Sixty per cent of the land area of Siam is covered with forests and any peasant can clear a plot and cultivate it.

Siam does need more industries, and cannot have them because of the shortage of capital and of technical personnel. The country is still pre-capitalistic but the capitalis system is begging to be born in Siam. Yet agriculture is inadequately productive and the peasant is inadequately recompensed for what he produces. He is therefore a negligible purchaser of city goods and of medical care, transportation, entertainment, legal assistance, books, newspapers, radio, and all the other services which the middle class supplies.

The official cynics contend that if the peasantry earned more they would merely hoard more. Hoarding is one of the biggest problems of Asia. Economists estimate that there is 240 million dollars in hoarded gold and in women's jewelry in Burma. Between 1931 and 1938, it is said, India exported 100 million dollars in gold annually because the country was starving and the hungry peasants had to sell their gold. In the poorest Asian farm family the womenfolk yearn for gold bracelets, bangles, anklets, earrings, and even

for diamond trinkets. When they dispose of their crops and have surplus money they invest in precious ornaments or in gold for safe burial. Countries already deficient in working capital are thus handicapped in getting more. In Siam, urban servant girls take a job, save, buy jewelry, quit their jobs, have a gay time, pawn the jewelry, and go back to work.

Money is scarce in Siam despite the national wealth. The legal rate of interest is fifteen per cent, and private loans cost as high as two or three per cent a month. Government loans have been a failure. The people are disinclined to buy state bonds. They would rather buy jewelry or waste their savings on lavish wedding ceremonies.

THERE is nothing more important in Asia than to devise means of mobilizing domestic savings for domestic economic development. It is not always desirable for foreign governments to introduce capital into countries that have the resources but cannot put their hands on them or that squander them in conspicuous spending.

As far as possible, the peasantry reduces its participation in national economics to a minimum. Being the primary producer, the peasant is the base of the economic system, but he is reluctant to play a part in the superstructure. Similarly, his role in politics is small.

The hard-boiled politicians draw

obvious conclusions from these circumstances. Directly or indirectly, they extort the maximum from the farming population and use the proceeds to put the government and themselves into business. Since, the argument goes, the peasant would not buy beds or books even if he had much more money, it is better to take his money away by underpaying him for his crop, and thereby provide the capital for state development of industries and for the enrichment of the men at the head of the state who are also private businessmen. We may be witnessing the birth of capitalism in Siam.

Since, furthermore, the bulk of the population is inactive in politics, why not make politics a kind of exclusive club where the game is played according to rules which prevent anybody from being hurt?

This actually is the situation in Siam. The government leaders exploit the backwardness of the country to keep power, to enrich themselves and ostensibly to make Siam less backward. The rich are financed by the poor. The gulf between classes grows wider. Too much of the income from exports goes to buy imported luxuries and trifles for the few. The city is lifted up by the lowly village which is sunk in thick mud. Nobody is consulted about all this; neither city nor village is consulted. Alone the coup masters plan — and reap. Politics in Siam are a laughing matter, but the results are not.

General Beauregard's

PENCIL

By JAMES MERRIAM MOORE

TO CIVILIANS, Leavenworth means the federal prison. But to soldiers, the name stands for the Fort, with its old, heavy trees and rose-brick buildings on the bluffs above a muddy river. This is now the site of the Army's Command and General Staff School.

When I finished the School course they kept me on as a junior instructor. I felt cocky about the detail, but what really pleased me was that Spec Cromwell was on the list of next fall's students. I managed to get him assigned to the bachelor apartment across the entry from mine in Root Hall.

In the autumn, though, it wasn't exactly like old times. And it wasn't until late in March that I got alerted to just how badly things were going with Spec.

Wind ruffled rain pools in the street as I walked home. Miss Scoopy Trent rode up the street toward me at her usual dashaway trot. She always rode the tallest horse she could find. A red-cheeked wisp of a girl, always hurrying, laughing, going by her baby nickname still, the children in her Post school loved her.

I didn't see her check the reins, but her mount, Spec's mare "Lady," stopped abreast me and I walked out to the curb. "Biff," she said, "when Spec comes back from the 'map problem' you be in his rooms, will you?"

"All right, Scoopy. Why?"

"Spec hasn't told you how many *U's* he's had." (The School scores papers *S*, satisfactory, or *U*, unsatisfactory.) "He's terribly down. This map problem today — they say it's a stinker. Be there, Biff, please." Then she rode off.

Spec had seemed tense, repressed, lately. But *U's* were hard to believe for Captain Spencer Cromwell, Corps of Engineers; a coming man in his branch, a precise mathematical mind.

It's hard to make civilians understand how Leavenworth affects a Regular Army officer. His career may rest on this year lived in a dream of war. As in war, pressures are consciously made cruel and judgments harsh until a strange reality comes to attend battles fought on colored maps or imagined on the wooded and rimrocked hills along

the yellow river. And each year there are one or two who can't take the pressure. In the rooms Spec had now, across from mine, the entry door was new. On another gray afternoon last winter we'd broken down the old door to get to poor, tormented little Harmon, fallen forward over his desk and his pistol. I wished now I hadn't got Spec assigned those rooms this year.

Back at Root I started to change into slacks, listening for Spec to come in. Then I couldn't find my bootjack and remembered that Spec had borrowed it.

Spec's door was on the latch. Even back in his bedroom most of the wall space was covered by maps. At Leavenworth, officers study bygone battles and old map problems as lawyers review precedent cases. It was dusk now and I switched on a light. On the closet floor, among Spec's precise lines of shoes and boots, I found my jack. But as I straightened up, my shoulder caught on a panel of map-board nailed to the inner face of the closet door. The panel was hinged at the side and now swung open.

I SAW a list of "pay problems," written with charcoal map-pencil in Spec's precise, blueprint capitals. Opposite each was his score — all the *U's* I hadn't believed possible.

"Now you know," Spec said from the dark study.

I showed him the bootjack. "Spec, I wasn't spying."

"I understand, Biff." The light over the study desk came on, and I saw him wearily drop a printed sheet of paper into the wastebasket.

"Aren't you even going to read the School solution?" I begged. "They don't put it in your box after the 'problem' just for fun."

In the cone of yellow light his thin, horseman's hands were stiff; but the tremor he controlled in them reached his voice. "I've read enough of it to know I just got another *U*. Biff, would you mind going back to your room? I've got some things to think out."

I went across the hall, fetched whisky, and came back before he got around to locking his door. "Here. Pour yourself one before you shower. But first get me out all your *U* papers — if you haven't thrown them away too. I have to see what's eating a man of your savvy."

"Very well. You're wasting your time, though."

WHILE he was in the shower I sat down at his desk, took out my notebook, and my pencil in the old-fashioned silver tube I always carried. Then I picked one of the returned, unsatisfactory papers from the drawer he had pointed out. And seeing the writing, I swore.

"What?" he called.

"Nothing." Nothing I was free to explain. *Spec was the purple-ink man.*

Instructors on the marking committees never know whose paper

they are reading. They only see a number for signature. But this year one paper was always written with engineer's purple ink. That drew attention. The purple papers were terse, logical; yet never was the simple, direct plan chosen: always, instead, a complicated decision. By now the minds of the marking committees were tuned to a *U* at sight of the purple ink. "Here's Field Marshal Einstein again," some member would growl.

"Spec," I said, going in to sit on his bunk while he dressed, "the School tries to teach that in war only simple plans work."

Back turned, he looked at me stubbornly in the mirror. "But if a more complicated plan offers bigger results — or maybe risks less — it's my duty to state it."

I always lost arguments with Spec. There was the warm, chivalrous side of him, though, that took certain things on faith; sentimental if you like. Perhaps I could end the purple-ink difficulty at least. I held up my silver pencil case. "You know this thing?"

"General Beauregard's pencil?" He smiled. "Yes, I know. He gave it to your grandfather, who wrote all his battle orders with it, and you wrote all your papers with it last year. Biff, you're superstitious."

"I thought maybe you'd take it — for luck," I said.

He turned serious and gentle at once. "But you value it."

"I want you to have it."

He hesitated. Then, impulsively: "Thanks, Biff. For luck, then."

NEXT morning, Saturday, our free day, I rode out along the Ridge toward the distant hill that was the key to a "general terrain exercise" I'd written for the students and set for Monday. I wanted to ride over the ground once more.

Gray wind whipped me along the bleak Ridge Road and the hooves of my troop-horse staccatoed on stony ground. Below, on a level shelf toward the cold dun river, the federal prison ranged long walls of quarried harshness; sly-windowed walls with towers at the corners like squatting toads. As I trotted past the upper end of a ravine, smoke from a bonfire blew close along the ground. Around the fire a group of prison-farm convicts were warming themselves, their guards slackly mixed among them.

West, over the Ridge and down to the cross-road clearing called Frenchmans. Soon I turned off the wood road, up a hill-climbing trail, my horse scrambling on outcrops of rock. From this hill, with its top-knot of trees, I could look back and down into the clearing at Frenchmans. From the open rimrock beyond the trees there spread below a new and open valley, the arena of my "general terrain exercise."

A GTE is a proposition of war. There and there, imaginary on your map, are certain units of the enemy; here and here, certain troops of your

own. Pocket your map. Go look at the ground itself, figure distance and time to move from here to there; then write down what you, commanding, would order.

My horse neighed; pulled around suddenly. Among the trees of the crest I saw Spec on his tall mare, "Lady."

That was bad: first, because Scoopy wasn't with him — he always let her ride Lady on Saturdays and got a troop-horse for himself; second, because he found me absorbed with this valley of brown fields far off the usual track of riders. It was on our maps, of course, but no map emphasized the one commanding spur that dominated the whole compartment of terrain. That was the key of my GTE. Officers not thorough enough to climb up here and reconnoiter the ground itself would find decision difficult.

"Spec, wait," I called, heeling my mount back toward him among the trees. "Where's Scoopy?"

"We broke up last night."

"Who did the breaking?" I was beside him now, my hand on Lady's haughty neck.

"I did," he told me doggedly. "She shouldn't be tied up with a failure. I've just been 'warned' on my School standing."

I hadn't known. But now, more than ever, he must take this GTE: a natural for conscientious men like Spec. Now I couldn't risk his preview of the valley and any consequent quixotism Monday about dis-

qualifying himself. "Spec, how about your riding back to quarters? I'll join you there soon."

His chin went up. With a jerk of his bridle hand, strange and frightening to Lady, he flicked away our friendship. "I suppose instructors can't consort with a warned man. Stand back, please." He pivoted Lady and plunged down the rocky trail. My troop-horse wasn't able to overtake her.

MONDAY was April and a day of small white clouds and small green leaves. Riding out early for the GTE, I caught a glimpse of Scoopy. She was up on the Ridge Road, alone, far ahead, hurrying a big troop-horse. It would be Easter holidays for the children in her school now. She turned off abruptly as I watched, and I didn't see her again.

By the time I'd climbed my hill, everyone else was assembled at Frenchmans. I could see them down there, jeeps, cars, horses, officers, orderlies, crowding the clearing like people at a country auction, spreading patches of white map on the grass. One or two cars were parked around the bend of the wood road.

I was going to wait on the hill to see who came up to reconnoiter for themselves. As I walked out on the rimrock a siren began to scream beyond the Ridge, from the prison: an escape.

Then I saw Lady step archingly among the trees and Spec dismount

and walk toward me. We nodded. He sat down, methodically spread his map and got out his field-glasses.

The siren shrilled again and I couldn't help interrupting him. "Do you know where Scoopy rode today?"

"No." He didn't look around. His glasses were on the key spur now. He lowered them, looked hastily at his map, then fixed his glasses on the spur again. And finally he took General Beauregard's pencil from his pocket and reached for one of the School's blue-bound notebooks in which students' solutions are written.

The pencil must have reminded him. He jumped up and came over to me, holding out his hand. "I'm sorry, Biff. I see now why you couldn't have me up here before. That spur —" and he hurried back to his blue book. "That narrows it down to just two possible decisions!"

My God, there was only *one* decision, and that one perfectly simple and direct. "Spec —" But I couldn't coach him, and I turned wearily back to the trees where the horses were tied. And then, there, I shouted. "Spec! Your glasses! Quick!"

In the clearing at Frenchmans a car full of prison guards was pulled up among the School officers, all on their feet now, their maps scattered. There was pointing and running and confusion.

In the narrow wood road that wound past the base of our hill, a secret scene was on. In the rear seat of one of the Army cars parked

there, two convicts had Scoopy hogtied between them. A third, with a guard's rifle in his hand, climbed into the front. The car began to move stealthily away, toward the Topeka highway.

Spec was already in Lady's saddle.

"They're armed," I urged. "We'll have to get help from Frenchmans. Or ride for a farm phone. Either one."

But Spec spurred Lady headlong down the hill, scattering flights of stones. I followed as best my troop-horse could.

In the wood road at the trail's foot there were no tire marks yet. So Spec swung Lady toward Frenchmans, galloping direct to meet the convict car.

Around a curve it came. I heard the convicts shout, brakes grind, the rifle bang out as gallant Lady rose to her last jump. In a sunburst of shattering windshield I saw the car swerve into a tree and Spec, flung clear, hit the leaf-mould as the pursuit from Frenchmans came up.

THAT NIGHT I went to Spec's room at the Post hospital. Scoopy was with him. She wasn't hurt at all.

A closed blue notebook lay on the bedside table with the old silver pencil case on top of it. Spec handed both to me.

"Here you are, Biff. And thanks. I won't need General Beauregard's pencil any longer. The simple, direct way. That's what you've been telling me all along."



THE TREE

By J. M. Collins

SHE was very young when they brought her here. Sometimes she thought she remembered it all. How they had uprooted her from her old home. Her quivering terror when strong hands grasped her slender body and how she had lain trembling with so many others as the truck roared into the suburbs. How alone she had been when, their work done, they had gone away leaving her tied to a square wooden stake. True, the copper beech had been there too, but it stood thirty feet away from her. In the plantation she had been able almost to touch her sisters and as darkness fell she missed the soft murmur of their voices and the sense of companionship she had always known. She drooped a little and clung to the stake, which, though lifeless, was of wood and something she knew in this new world where there was so much that was strange to her.

The night came creeping up the

avenue, sending its advance guard of writhing shadows before it and increasing her loneliness by hiding even the beech tree from her. Suddenly she found herself bathed in a warm light. The moment for which the nearby street lamp had waited all day had arrived. Its radiance was a soft yellow cloak which fell about her slender form, shielding her from the slinking shadows as they passed.

In the autumn of her nineteenth year the tree was beautiful. On a night early in October she swayed softly in the light of the street lamp, a thing all color, yellow and gold and brown with a hint of still-fresh, cool greenness in her depths. A young man wearing a white scarf came slowly and a little unsteadily up the avenue and paused to gaze at her. He came closer and rested his warm hands on her cool bark. With face uplifted in the lamplight he stared up through her branches.

"Poems," he said, "poems are

made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree."

The tree trembled and stretched her arms to embrace the rising wind, and then shuddered at the coldness of its touch. The first sad falling of her leaves began. For three days the wind and the rain beat her; and then there came a time when she thought spring had returned. A clear blue sky and a soft warmth in the air almost tricked her into putting out fresh buds, but something within herself wanted only to rest in this lull. She had lost many of her leaves and even now some of them were dropping tiredly from her still branches. So, sometimes in great numbers and sometimes one by one they left her, all during the remainder of October and into the winter months, until she stood gaunt and dark against a December sky.

Then came January. With its shrieking, sleet-laden gales, and its wild, clamoring shouts, it drove away all memories of summer and hopes of spring alike. She writhed in the cruel nights, twisting her agonizing arms in anguished searching for something that seemed to have become forever lost to her — some warm, half-forgotten touch of the sun's caressing fingers. She wept, great rivulets of water streaming down her wind-scarred bark.

THE WIND grew tired of its useless battering of the world. A robin flew into the avenue one day crying, "Spring is back, spring is back!"

The tree stirred, feeling the very earth grow warm about her roots and the sap flow through her veins. She began to put out her buds. When she had dressed herself in green again she forgot the winter winds and only swayed her leafy arms for the very joy of their shimmering splendor.

Spring became summer and a choir of birds hid in her green coolness. Through the long days the tree opened her arms to the sun as if she would take him to the very heart of her. At night she seemed to draw her green cloak, silvered by moonlight, a little closer about her, and her gestures before the pale cold queen of the night sky were modest and subdued.

Came July and with it a night of terror such as the tree had never known. Great clouds which had been rolling into the sky all during the weary heaviness of the evening suddenly burst with a voice of thunder and spilled a gleaming cascade of water on a trembling world. The wind whipped the branches of the tree in a maddened frenzy. Her very roots heaved in the earth as if they would tear their way to freedom, but the soil that had nurtured them held them prisoner until the end, which came with a searing flash of fire that showed for one instant, in a light brighter than they had ever known, the beauty of those shimmering green-clad arms as they swayed in a last wild dance of death.

BERLIN'S *Spy Market*

By KURT SINGER

THERE'S a chilly wind blowing along the *Kurfurstendamm*, in West Berlin. The awnings and pavement tables of the cafés have disappeared. Germans are taking their coffee and beer behind the garish metal fronts, and habitués are already reserving their places near the stove.

But you can still see the solitary men wandering furtively along the street, and then selecting tables near a café door so that they can watch the passers-by.

They are Berlin's sellers of secrets — self-appointed espionage agents to half a dozen countries. For seven years they have lived on their wits. In 1945-47 they were hawking drugs, cameras, cigarettes on Berlin's fantastic black market. Smuggling is still a profitable profession, but spying goes very easily with it. These men trade in a little fact mixed with a vast amount of fiction.

They are completely cynical about politics. They hold no brief for Communism or Western democracy, but exploit both. Theirs is a dangerous trade in a city where you can go through the Iron Curtain simply by crossing the street.

If the Soviet intelligence agents consider that any Berlin secrets-seller is too friendly with Western Germans, he will be tempted or tricked across the city control boundary. Usually he will not be heard of again.

These espionage traders, who work quite as willingly for the East as for the West, were some of the people referred to by General Chui-kov, Russian Commander-in-Chief in Germany, when at the beginning of October he demanded that "spy and sabotage centers in West Berlin" should be closed down.

The Allied authorities are tolerant about the activities on the *Kurfurstendamm*, because long experience in espionage has proved that it is wisest to let agents have sufficient rope to hang themselves before they do any harm.

Checks have shown that the information that they peddle is usually worthless, and no properly conducted trial could possibly find them guilty of having official secrets.

An operative of the American Central Intelligence Agency, the master U.S. organization controlling all espionage and counter-espionage

activities of the country, told me: "These German secrets salesmen have proved that you can live by taking in your neighbors' laundry while he washes yours. Most of the time they just buy and sell secrets among themselves."

British Tommies stationed in Berlin call them "spy spivs." With their traditional humanity they feel sorry for these men without a country and without honor. Unless the spies were born in Berlin they are not allowed to work, and officially they are on the list of 300,000 unemployed, with a dole of twenty cents a day on which to live.

Though Russia goes through the formality of complaining about them, their best customers are Soviet agents. Laventri Beria, head of the Soviet espionage network which costs \$100,000,000 a year to run, believes that by obtaining every piece of information possible something worth while will be discovered. At his Kremlin headquarters, Beria's intelligence staff have to deal with a mountain of rubbish to sift out a little fact.

Only when a new seller of secrets is seen loitering around the cafés is it likely that something worth knowing is available. He is almost certainly one of the 500 refugees who flee from the Eastern zone every day.

His news of labor troubles in a Soviet-controlled factory, of a new drive for "volunteers" for the uranium mines, or a change in

rationing, will make a useful item in the news bulletins from the West Berlin radio station or on the "Voice of America" network. The newcomer's material is usually reliable. The veterans in the game just peddle falsehoods.

IN THE early days of this spy market the Allied authorities, alarmed at the type of information that was supposed to be for sale, decided to check.

Agents let it be known by café gossip that an Allied regiment had just arrived in a rural area far to the west of Berlin.

The next evening one agent sat down at a café table. Within a quarter of an hour money had changed hands and an official-looking document was slipped under the table.

Experts were amazed to see a list of the names of the regiment's principal officers, the number of N.C.O.'s and men, and some impressive details of guns and vehicles.

The names were of the officers in pre-war days, exactly as given in published lists of 1938, available to everybody. The rest was pure fiction, as the regiment had, in fact, been disbanded in 1945!

The spy who sold this imaginative romance learned of the trap into which he had fallen. He grinned and shrugged his shoulders. "Ach," he said, "the matter is of no importance. I will make another copy and sell it to the Russians."



Nature's Failing Children —

The Lady's-Slippers

By GEORGE C. MATTIS

I SHALL visit a small, isolated bog again this summer, hoping to see the three large, pink lady's-slippers that last year startled me in the depth of the cool spruce growth.

Each year I make this pilgrimage. The bog is scarcely more than two acres in area and is carpeted with a spongy growth of sphagnum moss and rosemary. A dense growth of spruce and tamarack serves to contain its cool dampness.

Four years ago I counted five of these reclusive blooms. Then I hark back to my first visit to this lonely sanctuary, twenty years ago, when these stemless lady's-slippers were as numerous as the black-eyed susans that now brighten the roadside.

It is too well known that this genus of the orchid family, popularly known as lady's-slippers, will not long survive man's encroachment. It has a particular demand for environment which belongs to another era; and like the mastodon of the distant past, it will eventually become extinct as a wild flower.

Nature, unyielding as she is at times, has not been too generous with this genus of orchids, botanically known as *Cypripedium*. The lady's-slipper is quite incapable of self-fertilization; and only long-tongued insects can successfully probe the flower's inflated pouch in search of nectar and thus offer a chance of carrying pollen to some other receptive lady's-slipper.

Even when fertilization takes place and ripe seeds are produced, there is scant likelihood that much will become of them. The tiny seeds are apparently too delicate.

The five different species of lady's-slipper have caught the hearts of our Spartan pioneers and of the ordinarily unsentimental botanists from our nation's earliest days. But over the years we have watched them slowly relinquish their hold on our once-untrammelled and verdant domain. This year or perhaps next, when I visit my small, isolated bog, the three lonely lady's-slippers may have gone the way of the rest.

BY DICK SILVESTRO

Can the Average College Man Afford to Be a Scholar?

STUDENTS of today cannot afford to be scholars. They are compelled financially to prepare themselves for technical fields. Our universities, which have the facilities and the staff to endow young men and women with a broad education, are in many cases forced to operate like production lines. The student, through his own choice, passes through different stages of indoctrination until he reaches the end of the line. He is then handed a degree and sent on his way into a degree-conscious economy.

Specialization is the key word of our times. Few can deny that it is essential in a complex society such as ours, but should specialization twist the values of the student into thinking that he has received an education? Should our students enter college with the sole purpose of plodding through numerous textbooks in order that they may receive a "certificate of success," and then be disillusioned after leaving school to find that they know nothing

except their chosen field? They should not, but society thinks differently.

While attending college, I associated with a group of students who, like myself, were business majors. They were determined to hurry through their required courses, get their degrees, and "earn more money." The courses that were unpleasant or boring were pushed aside to the last and were then attacked with resigned indifference. They took these various courses not for the knowledge contained, but because the courses were part of a schedule.

During this time, I associated almost exclusively with this type of person — the specialist. It has been only within the last few months that I have realized how little I actually learned during that period of great potentiality. Instead of being bogged down with methods of cutting costs, taking surveys, increasing output, and other materialistic pursuits, I could have ex-

plored the writings of Aristotle and others. I could have developed a tremendous background in the arts, in the social sciences, in psychology.

BUT there doesn't seem to be a market for intellectuals. People maintain that college students should be practical and take only those courses that will better them financially. They claim that it is foolish to waste time studying antiquated subjects that no longer apply in our modern world. These are the people who spend their evenings looking at television or reading movie magazines. An occasional murder mystery is the pinnacle of their intellectual curiosity.

Many of this same group, however, are specialists. They have studied laboriously in order to learn a

trade or profession, to learn how to earn more money.

The reason for our lack of scholars does not lie in our colleges. Nor are the people themselves at fault. The main cause of this defect, in my opinion, is our specialized economy. It requires that each of us place "security" above wisdom. When a student pays a large sum of money to get formal schooling, he wants to be sure that he will be able to compensate for that expenditure. He wants to be sure of security after contributing his energy and funds.

Taking everything into consideration, I have arrived at the conclusion that in order to be a scholar, one must either be exceedingly wealthy, a hermit, or a gambler — backing wisdom and risking financial security.

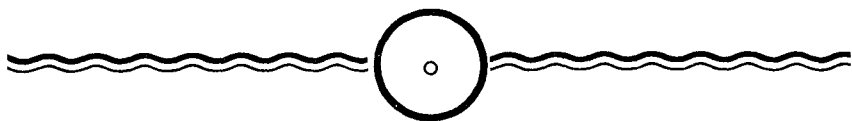


Dear Lois:

Arrived safe at Camp Kilmer. Today we received our uniforms. On Friday we are having our families come. I never thought I would miss AMERICAN MERCURY so much. Did Sal go to the Hursh building today? We have to stay here from five to eight days. We take orders from everyone. They are very strict here, just like Mr. Clements. The only difference is you don't laugh when they give an order. We are all hoping to be sent to Fort Dix. I guess it will take quite awhile to get used to this life. Best regards to everyone. — AL

(*Editor's Note:* Mr. Albert Murphy, executive director of the AMERICAN MERCURY's shipping room and courier service, has answered the Call to the Colors.)

SOUND ON DISC



IF YOU LOOK for the musical genius of America, you will not find it in Carnegie Hall, but in the side streets off Broadway and the musical comedy stage. It is there that America sings in her own idiom, in a voice both lyrical and witty. It is there that a native music speaks as intimately to Americans as Verdi spoke to Italians. It is not necessary to make a roster of great names in American "popular" music, or to suggest that the Abou Ben Adhem's of that list are Rodgers and Hart.

One of the best of the Rodgers-Hart scores, "On Your Toes" of 1936 vintage, has been brought to records by Columbia (ML 4645). It lacks the mordant wit of "Pal Joey" (also an R & H), but it substitutes lilting melodies like "It's Gotta Be Love" and "There's A Small Hotel," mood songs like "Quiet Night," and irreverent ditties like "The Heart is Quicker Than the Eye" and "Too Good for the Average Man." And it introduces Portia Nelson, who awakes nostalgic memories of the sweet, thin voice of Helen Morgan.

The original cast (Robert Alda, Vivian Blaine) of a more current musical comedy, "Guys and Dolls," recreates its Damon Runyon flavor in a Decca release (DL 8036). Frank Loesser does not rank with Rodgers and Hart, although he has a series of notable hits to his ASCAP credit. But music and lyrics will stand up considerably longer than Leonard Bernstein's pretentious and flat score for "Wonderful Town" (DL 9010), whose main distinction is the foghorn tones of Rosalind Russell — a clear example of mind over larynx.

Stravinsky might not like the comparison, but his astringent and intellectual "Histoire du Soldat" is, in the best sense, show music. Played strictly as an instrumental composition, it misses fire. But in Vox's new recording (PL 7960) it is performed as a commentary on a commentary — three readers who act out the story in beautifully clear French. As a counterpoint of speech against music, it acquires great charm and validity. Excellent recording and sensitive performance by an instrumental ensemble under Fernand

Oubradous make this one of the recording events of the year.

It is not such a jump to move to Hector Berlioz, for his music is always spectacle — an overpowering surge of instruments, ideas, and moods expressing the flamboyance of his personality. Wagner was deeply impressed by the “sublime fervor” of Berlioz’ “Funeral and Triumphant Symphony” — a composition for brass orchestra, string orchestra, and chorus written in commemoration of the French Revolution. As conducted by Fritz Straub, the performance moves with something less than majesty. But it is music which will probably never be heard except on records — and it is Berlioz! Lyrichord’s recording (LL 40) is tonally full and balanced.

IT IS EASY to move into the superlative in treating Verdi’s “Otello.” Certainly his most profound opera, and probably his richest, it translates into passionate Italian the tortured and tragic drama of Shakespeare. No one will ever sing Desdemona’s “Willow Song” or the “Ave Maria” as purely as Tiana Lemnitz. But in Urania’s version (URLP 216), with the Rome Opera House chorus and orchestra under Alberto Paoletti, Anna Lo Pollo’s Desdemona is more than adequately affecting and miles above the Helen Jepson performance which can be found on old Victor records. The rest of the cast is thoroughly Italian in style and delivery — which is another way of

saying that this complete “Otello” belongs in any self-respecting record library. The sound engineers have done an excellent job of reproduction.

Two minor, but graciously mannered pieces — Mozart’s “Les Petits Riens” (unearthed from its archival oblivion in the 1920’s) and the Scarlatti-Tommasini ballet score, “The Good-Humored Ladies” — are paired on one M.G.M. disc (E-3034). The Royal Opera House Orchestra, Covent Garden, conducted by Warwick Braithwaite, virtually dances across this delightful and courtly music. Unfortunately, the recording leans too heavily on the bass end of the audio range, muffling the middle registers.

It is a far cry from these manifestations of the secular to the ethereal realm of the Gregorian chant. Pope Gregory’s codification of the deeply moving and disembodied music which overlays the ancient Roman ritual has been brought to records (Period SPL 570) by the Monks of the Benedictine Abbey. Technically, the recording gets high marks — it won the Grand Prix du Disque 1952. The quality of voice, hovering timelessly in space, is captured by the Benedictine monks and transmitted untarnished. In this flight, the soul of man sings, too. For some, this will be difficult music; even in the ritual, easier and brasher tonalities have triumphed. But heard as music or as liturgy, there is nothing greater.

R. DE T.

MALIK

Pays Off

By

LILLIAN ANSHEN SEIDEL

WHENEVER I read about the delays and exasperations in dealing with the Russians, I am reminded of my own little negotiations with the USSR delegation to the United Nations in the fall of 1951, when I was summarily fired by them after four years' employment as a teacher of English to their personnel here in New York.

But first I must go back to late June of that year. I had spent grueling hours on a fiercely hot day with Jacob Malik, then the chief Soviet representative to the UN, rehearsing with him his famous "Price of Peace" speech, which started the Korean truce talks. Malik had been my student for about two years and we had established a pleasant relationship despite many differences of opinion. During that stifling after-

noon while we were waiting for Malik's speech to be typed we made small, rather forced conversation together as we sat on opposite sides of a long table. This was in the large conference room on the second floor of the old Park Avenue mansion that is the headquarters of the Soviet UN delegation. We talked a lot about the weather, then about our families and the summer vacations which were about to begin.

"You will be glad to be back in your own country, I suppose," I remember saying to Malik.

"Of course, naturally," he answered, adding with convincing sincerity, "But I will miss my lessons in English . . . it is the truth . . . I will, but I do not feel so sad because I shall return in the fall and we will resume our work on your very

difficult language. I am expecting you to be with us as usual after the summer."

I WENT off to Europe that summer with mixed feelings about going back to my job with the Russians, particularly after reading a newspaper article in which Malik had accused the American press of censoring his Korean speech. I had been present while an official of the UN radio system had insisted politely that the speech would have to be cut since it then ran about two minutes over the prescribed time. To my certain knowledge, Malik's speech had been changed only by himself and his aides.

My hesitation about going back to work again with the Russians was tempered, however, by the fascination of being in day-to-day contact with these Soviet citizens. Perhaps in some small way I was contributing to their understanding of the American way of life. Malik, himself, illustrated this one day.

I had arrived that morning to give him his lesson and had, as usual, been escorted up the gracious curved staircase of the old Georgian mansion to Malik's office on the second floor. It was a large, sunny, rectangular room with long windows hung with damask draperies, giving on Park Avenue. In front of an elegant marble fireplace at one end of the room was a low coffee table with two overstuffed chairs cozily arranged on either side. On the oppo-

site side of the room there was a huge desk with several straight chairs around it and on the wall, behind, an enormous portrait of Stalin. Clad in a conservative but handsomely cut dark suit, starched white shirt and inconspicuous tie, Malik rose as I entered and extended his hand in greeting, smiling in a rather amused way. He held a copy of a newspaper in his other hand. We both sat down.

"Aren't you afraid to come here?" Malik said, still smiling.

"Afraid, Mr. Malik? Why should I be? What are you going to do to me?" I replied. Then, perhaps brashly, I added, "Are you going to send me to Siberia?"

His face sobered at once. "You know what I mean," he said, flourishing the newspaper and spreading it out on the desk.

Headlines proclaimed that City College teachers were being investigated as Reds by the Board of Education. Malik knew that I did some part-time teaching at the college.

"No, I am not afraid at all," I answered. "Why, good heavens, Mr. Malik, here I have been coming to teach your people for almost four years and no one has ever questioned my right to work where and when I please." And since he had given me such a signal opportunity, I made a little speech in which I said I was typical of other free and independent Americans who could come and go as they wished without interference from the government. Malik

flung aside the newspaper with an impatient gesture, and I felt I had won that round.

RETURNING from Europe in early September of 1951, I still felt somewhat ambivalent about the Russians. But back at the Soviet headquarters I rang the bell and was ushered inside. I asked for Oberemko, the Malik aide in charge of the English program. Nothing had changed since I had last been there. The same pale, listless young woman was bent over a desk in the well of the staircase. On the wall behind me hung a painting of Moscow's Red Square.

Presently Oberemko emerged from one of the small offices. He was a tall, loose-limbed, rather humorless young man — I should say in his middle twenties — with almost-black hair parted on one side and brushed smoothly off a high, serious forehead. He had a well-shaped, mobile face with a straight nose and firmly-modeled chin. His dark eyes still held a kind of childlike softness.

He had been a student of mine for a couple of years and I had been impressed with his knowledge and command of the English language, but more with the rigidity of his demeanor and the studied correctness with which he expressed himself. It was only on the rare occasions when I had succeeded in provoking some spontaneous reaction from him on a controversial subject that I noticed that his speech

yielded to the heavier Russian accent as he spoke passionately and his dark eyes grew more intense.

Sitting beside me on the couch, Oberemko took my outstretched hand and without further preliminary announced: "We have a teacher coming from Moscow this year."

I looked at him, quite taken aback.

"I don't know why you couldn't have told me that on the phone . . ." I began.

"You will excuse me," he said, rising, his face still averted.

I got up and stood for a second or two looking at him.

"Well, goodbye," I said, finally.

"Goodbye," he murmured.

I walked away and as the heavy, iron-grilled door of the USSR headquarters closed behind me and I stood for a moment on the sun-splashed sidewalk, watching the ordered, endlessly moving traffic of Park Avenue, I remember having only one feeling — a quick and all-pervading sense of relief.

ABOUT a week later I found an envelope in my mailbox with the imprint of the USSR delegation to the UN in its upper left-hand corner. I opened it with curiosity to find a check for one hundred dollars drawn to my order on the Chase National Bank. There was no accompanying note in the envelope, no explanation, just the check. And it suddenly occurred to me that in all the time I had taught the Russians I had never received any-

thing of an official nature in writing.

The more I looked at that check the more puzzled I became. Salary payments had always been made to me in cash. Now as I held the check in my hand I found my puzzlement giving way to anger; the more I looked at it the madder I got. I could only assume that it represented the Russians' conception of severance pay, but whatever it was supposed to be I didn't want it. So I sat myself down and wrote a letter to Malik in which I acknowledged receipt of a check for \$100 which, I said, I was returning to him therewith. I explained that although I didn't know what the check was for, since there had been no note from his delegation, I imagined that it was meant as severance pay and if this were so it was so completely out of line with American practices that I could not accept it.

I then outlined very briefly the regulations usually observed by American employers in regard to professional workers, including such things as sufficient notice before dismissal, and severance pay. I made it eminently clear that I was not making any claim against the Soviet delegation but that I could not accept the enclosed check. It was a polite but firm little note and I felt much better after having dispatched it.

About ten days later I received a telephone call from Oberemko. He sounded hesitant and ill-at-ease. "How are you?" he began.

I said, "Thank you, I am very well."

There was a slight pause. "There has been some misunderstanding," he began again. "We would like to see you."

"I'm sorry, but I am very busy," I answered. "What do you want to see me about?"

"It would be better if you could come to see us to talk over the matter," he replied.

"That is impossible," I answered.

"We would like to have some discussion about your letter," he said. "There is some misunderstanding," he repeated.

"I think I stated in my letter to Mr. Malik, quite clearly, that I was not making any demands on your people," I said. "As far as I am concerned the matter is closed, Mr. Oberemko."

"Please come to see us," he insisted in a soft, monotonous tone. Evidently he had been told to get me to come to the Soviet headquarters and he was doggedly repeating his instructions. I felt a little sorry for him.

I DON'T remember how long that first telephone call lasted, but I do remember that although I was a little intrigued at first I very soon grew irritated with Oberemko's constantly repeated phrases and my constantly repeated refusals to come to see him. I didn't want to hang up on him — he was, I understood, only following out orders — but our

conversation began to sound like a phonograph record the needle of which had got stuck. Finally I said, "I really have to go now, Mr. Oberemko. Goodbye."

About five days later I received another telephone call from him which was exactly like the first one. For the next four or five weeks I received the same calls from Oberemko, spaced three or four days apart. These calls continued with deadly regularity, the only change being in the tone of his voice, which had become cajoling and often pleading. I blamed myself for not being able to tell him to go to the devil and let me alone. I began to dread the sound of the telephone bell. And one day I astonished myself by suddenly capitulating. "All right, Mr. Oberemko," I heard myself say as he began his by now all-too-familiar plea, "I'll come to see you." I hung up the receiver, frustrated, exhausted, and furious both with the Russians and myself.

Since I had, in reality, no intention of going to see Oberemko or anyone else ever again at the Soviet delegation, I sat down and wrote them another letter. This time I addressed it to Oberemko. I repeated what I had said in my first letter, just in case he hadn't seen it, and added that the situation had become annoying and ridiculous. I repeated that I was making no claim and that I would not negotiate or bargain with them and ended by

saying I would appreciate it if they would please not telephone or communicate with me any more.

Almost a week elapsed after I had sent the letter. I was beginning to think I had heard the last of the Russians when the phone rang one morning and there was Oberemko going through his routine again. Interrupting him in the middle of one of his "Please come to see me's," I lit into him.

"The answer is *no!*" I said in a voice I tried hard to control. "If you want to see me you can come to see me here!"

"All right," he replied, to my amazement, and we made an appointment for four o'clock the following afternoon.

The next day at four o'clock, exactly, my telephone rang. It was Oberemko. "I am sorry but it is not possible for me to come to your apartment . . . won't you please come . . ."

I hung up the receiver and I noticed that my hand was wet with perspiration.

Two days later I found in my mailbox another envelope from the USSR delegation. In it were two checks, one for a tidy amount representing full severance pay based on the best American practices; the other, a little dog-eared and dated many weeks before, for one hundred dollars. There was no note accompanying the checks, which I endorsed and promptly banked.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

BY FRANK MEYER

IT is not often that a man appears who is in his own person the image of the movement he leads. But last year's election campaign produced just such a phenomenon: Adlai Stevenson is Mr. Welfare State. This impression grew on me as I listened to his speeches through the campaign and observed the extraordinary burst of emotion in intellectual circles during its latter days and after his defeat. It is confirmed by a careful reading of **Major Campaign Speeches of Adlai E. Stevenson, 1952** (Random House, \$3.50).

In the benighted days of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and McKinley, it was assumed that one of the first requisites for a candidate for public office in the United States, and certainly for the Presidency, was a knowledge of and a deep faith in the Constitution. After all, although it may be a minor matter in these enlightened days, the President's oath is to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." As far as my memory serves me (the book has no index), Mr. Stevenson rarely, if ever, mentions the Constitution. Nor is this to be wondered at, since

throughout these speeches he shows that he holds a concept of government utterly alien to the spirit and letter of the Constitution.

Consider what he has to say about the rights of the citizen. Any student of our Constitution knows, and a generation or two ago every school-boy knew, that the function of the Bill of Rights is simply to defend the citizen against governmental tyranny. It gives him no positive guarantees. Each clause is in substance negative; that is, it guarantees the individual *against* interference from the government in the exercise of his religion, his freedom of speech and assembly, his right to bear arms, his security in his home and property, etc.

To Mr. Stevenson, however, "the phrase *civil rights* means . . . the right to equal opportunity for education, employment and decent living conditions." I do not find reference to these "rights" in the Constitution of the United States. I do find, however, in Article 118 of the Constitution of the U.S.S.R.: "Citizens of the U.S.S.R. have the right to work, that is, are guaranteed the right to employment . . ."; and in Article 121: "Citizens of the U.S.S.R.

have the right to education"; and in Article 120: "Citizens of the U.S.S.R. have the right to maintenance in old age and also in case of sickness or loss of capacity to work."

Now I am not accusing Mr. Stevenson of being a Communist or an admirer of the Soviet Union. He, and the generation whose epitome he has become, retain enough decency to be appalled by the hideous *results* of the concept that the state should be empowered to provide for its citizens from the cradle to the grave — when they see those results in life. But this is the hallmark of the generation of the New Deal. They are horrified by the tyranny and violence of Soviet society, but they scornfully reject the only political safeguards which can prevent such tyranny.

"Equality of Opportunity"

In Stevenson they found an enlarged image of themselves to worship. Roosevelt had been a father and a leader, inspiring them emotionally but taking from them intellectually rather than giving. Truman was an unavoidable evil. But Stevenson is one of themselves, a little more urbane, just a little more able in his own conceit to build their self-conceit, a flattering mirror of their generation.

It is inconceivable to his narrow ego that anyone can disagree with him; it can only be that they misunderstand him. "About goals,

there can, of course, be no disagreement. We believe in . . . equality of opportunity for all Americans. . . ."

The only way government could enforce "equality of opportunity" would be to make it illegal for one man's father to have a greater income than another's. No man could be allowed to inherit money from his parents. No private institution which gave superior education could be permitted to exist. No child could be left to the influence of his family, lest he gain from them something superior to his fellow.

How, then, does Mr. Stevenson manage to maintain the benign reputation of a middle-of-the-roader?

He does not believe in centralized power in Washington — unless the states refuse "voluntarily" to do what Papa in Washington thinks they ought to do. Mr. Stevenson is not old-fashioned and principled like the Constitution, which guarantees the rights of the states and of individuals whether they do what Papa thinks is right or not.

No wonder then, that he sees the danger of Communism only in its surface manifestations.

The real contrast between Communism and a free society is the contrast between government with unlimited responsibilities and powers, and government strictly limited to its proper sphere. Mr. Stevenson's inability to understand this springs from his fundamental view of the relations of man and government, a

view which places him and those he represents in radical opposition to the tradition of our country and the tenets of our Constitution.

Thinking à la Mode

That tradition is still strong in the hearts of the American people, particularly outside of the urban centers, in the countryside and the smaller towns. But it has long been intellectually unfashionable to acknowledge it, and a generation of teachers has been indoctrinated to neglect it. The vast majority of those who form and influence articulate opinion have developed a kind of selective vision, an automatic astigmatism which screens out old truths, replacing them with the cult of progress and collective man.

This attitude is not restricted to the political field, but underlies and corrupts every phase of our intellectual life. A few current books, taken at random from a number of different fields, can illustrate my point. All of these writers have something of interest to say, but their uncritical acceptance of contemporary modes vitiates their thinking and distorts their conclusions.

Virginia Prewett's **Beyond the Great Forest** (Dutton, \$3.75) is a story of South American politics and her own inner conflicts. Her view of South America is twisted, and her personal conflicts are largely caused by her obsession with the New-Dealish delusion that we in the United States have in this gen-

eration created the millennium and that it is our duty to export it to the rest of the world.

Ashley Montagu makes some penetrating observations about women — their psychological constitution, their emotional quality, their sense of the concrete; but **The Natural Superiority of Women** (Macmillan, \$3.50) is an insult to every woman in the western world, although he means it as a compliment. Woman's superiority, for him, lies in her lack of the competitive instinct, in a passion for co-operation, and in a smothering of the individual in the mass. This, men must learn so that we can all co-operate together in the world ant-heap dreamed of by Mr. Montagu and his sponsor, Norman Cousins.

Economics for You and Me by Arthur Upgren and Stahl Edmunds (Macmillan, \$4.00) is the last place one might expect to find this kind of thing. The authors are economists associated with conservative businesses and business colleges. They have written what is, on the whole, a good popular presentation of the workings of economics, and they certainly show their sympathies for capitalist economy and sound economic theory. The astonishing thing is the half-hearted way in which they show those sympathies. Collective economic ideas are presented as reasonable alternate possibilities. There is no sharp polemic, no convincing argument against these death-bringing fallacies. The collec-

tivist atmosphere seems to be so strong that it paralyzes even those one would assume to be its natural opponents.

W. Lloyd Warner's **American Life: Dream and Reality** (University of Chicago, \$3.75), his first popular presentation of two decades of study of American communities, is another case in point. It is devoted to a meticulous and painstaking examination of the minute details which make up day-to-day American existence. What America is and is fated to be, it would appear, is determined by those details. "It is [my] belief . . . that social science can and does provide accurate diagnoses of the underlying factors which seem to be responsible for . . . changes in American beliefs and values." Man is not made, in Mr. Warner's view, by his ideas and ideals; but his "beliefs and values" are created by his mundane life, by the frustrations and jealousies of his daily existence. Society is not composed of inherently free individuals; rather, "the self . . . is largely a private replica of the outer social world. . . . To survive, the organism must become a person capable of interaction in a persistent and acceptable manner within his group." Shades of Emerson! Shades of the pioneers!

This American social scientist has so effectively screened out any American phenomena originating above the solar plexus that he presents an even more distorted picture than

the weird vignettes of the French writer, H.-J. Duteil, in **The Great American Parade** (Twayne Publishers, \$3.75). With flipness and invincible ignorance, M. Duteil courses at breakneck pace through a hundred varied scenes of American life; but, in spite of his prejudices and his misinformation, something of the real quality of the American people comes through. Both where it is a thousand miles wrong and where it is right, his view of ourselves as someone else sees us is wonderfully amusing, if often irritating.

Conservatism and Individualism

There is no single narrow stream from which the inspiration of American society flows. Among the multifarious currents of Christian and Western civilization which have made us what we are, two have been the most important. One is the idea of the liberty of the individual, what used to be called liberalism. The other is conservatism — the belief that the institutions built by our forefathers over the ages are based on greater wisdom than any single generation can possess; and that these institutions, which express spiritual and moral truths in the political realm, are not lightly to be tampered with or readily reconstructed to meet some Utopian blueprint.

In the tension and interaction of these two tendencies, American society grew. To clarify our tradition,

it is necessary to go back of the modern confusion to the days before liberalism began to mean collectivism and state tyranny, and before conservatism lost its bearings in a noble but largely negative reaction to the radical onslaught. In *The Conservative Mind* (Regnery, \$6.50), Russell Kirk has made a sustained effort to "review conservative ideas, examining their validity for this perplexed age."

His intent is not to write a history of conservatism but rather to trace the working of conservative thought in Britain and America, the only two "among the great nations [which] have escaped revolution since 1790." His book is valuable and stimulating because it develops fundamental principles out of the work of the great conservative thinkers in a live and convincing manner. It is aggravating, particularly to an American, because he restricts his survey to one line of conservative thinking and rejects so many of those who combine the firm reverence of the conservative outlook with equal devotion to the principle that political society exists to give the fullest possible liberty to the individual. Men like Acton and Herbert Spencer — yes, and Thomas Jefferson, whose *A Summary View of the Rights of British America* is one of the most important conservative documents in our history — are quite consciously excluded from his primary examination. With them, the great guarantee of freedom in a world of

imperfect men is also largely excluded: that since power corrupts, divided power is the safeguard both of established institutions and living men. Jefferson sought that safeguard in states' rights, Acton in the federal principle, Spencer in the reduction of state power to the minimum.

Were it not that it is the growing power of the state which is the real enemy of conservative moral principles and individual freedom alike, it would be ungenerous to stress these criticisms. Even though he limits himself to "thinkers in the line of Burke," Mr. Kirk has given us a deep, eloquent, and convincing restatement of the fundamental principles of conservatism. The six principles of conservative thought which he develops out of the writings of men like Burke, John Adams, Calhoun, Newman, and Santayana, can be accepted by all conservatives and are deeply imbedded in the American tradition:

"(1) Belief that a divine intent rules society . . . forging an eternal chain of right and duty which links great and obscure, living and dead . . . (2) Affection for the proliferating variety and mystery of traditional life, as distinguished from the narrowing uniformity and egalitarianism and utilitarian aims of most radical systems . . . (3) The only true equality is moral equality; all other attempts at leveling lead to despair, if enforced by positive legislation . . . (4) Property and freedom are inseparably connected, and

. . . economic leveling is not economic progress . . . (5) Man must put a control upon his will and his appetite . . . Tradition and sound prejudice provide checks upon man's anarchic impulse . . . (6) Change and reform are not identical."

Against this, consider his description of the principles of "radicalism": "(1) The perfectibility of man and the illimitable progress of society . . . (2) Contempt for tradition . . . (3) Political leveling . . . (4) Economic leveling." You have a program alien to the fundamental American tradition of Hamilton and Jefferson alike, seriously attacked only in the days of Franklin Roosevelt and Adlai Stevenson, except for the momentary and soon-defeated foray of Andrew Jackson.

The book is rich and rewarding in the depth of its perceptions and in the warm sympathy with which Mr. Kirk explores the insights of the 18th- and 19th-century thinkers who express his concept of conservatism. It is perhaps because of his implicit repudiation of the American fusion of individualism and conservatism that he is more disappointing when he deals directly with contemporary men and situations.

Poetry and Tradition

The conservative outlook goes deeper, much deeper, than mere politics. After a half-century of frenetic overturn of everything the innovators have been able to overturn, conservatism today expresses

the deep hunger of human beings to find themselves again in what Mr. Kirk calls the "ancient moral traditions of humanity." The expression of this hunger and this search, in language and image, that at once reach deep into western tradition yet live the anguish of the 20th century, has made T. S. Eliot a giant among his contemporaries.

Although his poetry is not easy, its difficulty has nothing in common with the purposeful obscurity which conceals shallowness of vision under confusion of phrase. It is an example of the way in which the deepest insights require something of an effort on the part of the reader to parallel the agony of the creator.

Volumes have been written about Eliot's poetry in recent years, so much as to create a cult which stands between the reader and the poems, rather than to elucidate them. But George Williamson's **A Reader's Guide to T. S. Eliot** (Noonday Press, \$3.50) is exactly what its title implies — an analysis of the poetry which, without pretension, aids the reader unfamiliar with Eliot's forms, and modestly stands aside to let the poet speak. It is a most useful companion to *The Complete Poems and Plays* (Harcourt, \$6.00), published earlier this year in a handsome single volume. And, for the Eliot enthusiast, another new book deserves mention. Donald Gallup's **T. S. Eliot, A Bibliography** (Harcourt, \$4.00) is a definitive listing of all of Eliot's writings — books, pamphlets, pe-

riodical contributions, and miscellany.

IT SEEMS to be a season for the publication of the collected works of living poets. Both Edwin Muir and Dylan Thomas are disappointing in the bulk of their work, however pleasant an occasional poem may be; and that very disappointment serves to illuminate by contrast the greatness of Eliot. **The Collected Poems of Edwin Muir, 1921-1951** (Grove Press, \$3.50) show a sensitivity to and a concern with the eternal problems of man. They are written with a simple straightforwardness and a certain Scottish brusqueness which is appealing; but when a number of them are read in succession, they give the impression of platitudinousness. They lack that struggle with the words which in T. S. Eliot distils out of immemorial experience universal meaning in fresh, direct communication.

The Collected Poems of Dylan Thomas (New Directions, \$3.75) have the opposite weakness. He is skilled enough in the construction of metaphor and image. He has, or at least once had, a poetic gift. In his early youth he had the things to say that young poets always have to say, and they were charming. Since then, he seems to have had nothing whatever to add; his virtuosity has produced only variations more complex on the single theme of himself. If Muir's poetic dullness conventionalizes his insights, Thomas is

boring in his brilliant emptiness.

The Weather

It is not a bad idea sometimes, even for a book reviewer, to move from the vanities of men to the cosmic grandeurs of nature. The weather is always with us — even in the cities. We all talk about it, and more and more people are getting interested in studying it.

Wind, Storm, and Rain by Denning Miller (Coward-McCann, \$3.95) is an excellent introduction to the general principles which determine our weather. Of all the more elementary books on the subject I have seen, it covers the essential factors most satisfactorily. Its only drawback is Mr. Miller's predilection for leaving his subject in order to discourse on a variety of historical, archaeological, and philosophical questions about which he knows very little; but if you can ignore these digressions, you can learn a great deal from him. **Understanding the Weather** by T. Morris Longstreth (Macmillan, \$2.50) is directed much more toward the immediate phenomena we see around us and less toward basic principles. The two books supplement each other.

Or, if you are sceptical about the whole thing, and only want to spend 35 cents, Robert Moore Fisher's **How to Know and Predict the Weather** (Mentor) is guaranteed to make you interested. Its pictures of clouds, as a matter of fact, are even better than those in the two hard-

cover books just mentioned, though these are exciting enough themselves.

If you are already bitten by the bug, or get that way through reading one of these books, the American Meteorological Society (Philadelphia 3, Pa.) has a beneficent interest in the amateur. Its **Amateur Weatherman's Almanac** (\$1.00) is full of information, and *Weatherwise*, the bi-monthly magazine for amateurs (\$3.00 a year), keeps it up to date. **The Compendium of Meteorology** (\$12.50), however, is its richest contribution — a 1300-page encyclopedic treasure-house of information and speculation on every conceivable aspect of the weather.

MISCELLANY

Count d'Orgel. *By Raymond Radiguet. Grove Press. \$3.00.*

This novel, written in 1923 just before the author's death at the age of twenty, is published now for the first time in America. Glittering, fragile aphorisms skim over the highly polished surface of his narrative to come finally to rest in patterns which are merciless in their revelation of character. It is the French mind at its sharpest.

Peron's Argentina. *By George I. Blanksten. University of Chicago Press. \$6.50.*

Here is a model for books written to inform the layman about com-

plex situations. Mr. Blanksten's sympathies are certainly not with the Peron regime, but he combines the objectivity of an unimpassioned observer with real interest in his subject matter and with the ability to select the salient facts and relate them one to another to make a solid but lively whole. The history, social structure and political development of Argentina are woven together to form a background against which Peron, Eva Peron, and contemporary Argentine events can be understood and adjudged.

The Lattimore Story. *By John T. Flynn. Devin-Adair. \$1.00.*

Mr. Flynn has worked his way through the volumes of testimony of the Institute of Pacific Relations investigation, the MacArthur hearings, and much other material, to present a brief, clear, and factual picture of the role of Owen Lattimore and his I.P.R. associates in the perversion of American policy in the Far East. It is a straightforward and telling indictment.

The Poor Man's Guide to Europe. *By David Dodge. Random House. \$2.95.*

If you are planning a trip to Europe and if your pocketbook is limited, don't fail to read this book. It is full of common sense and practical suggestions for the European traveler. Even if your traveling this summer is going to be done in a hammock, it's still worth reading.